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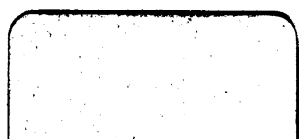
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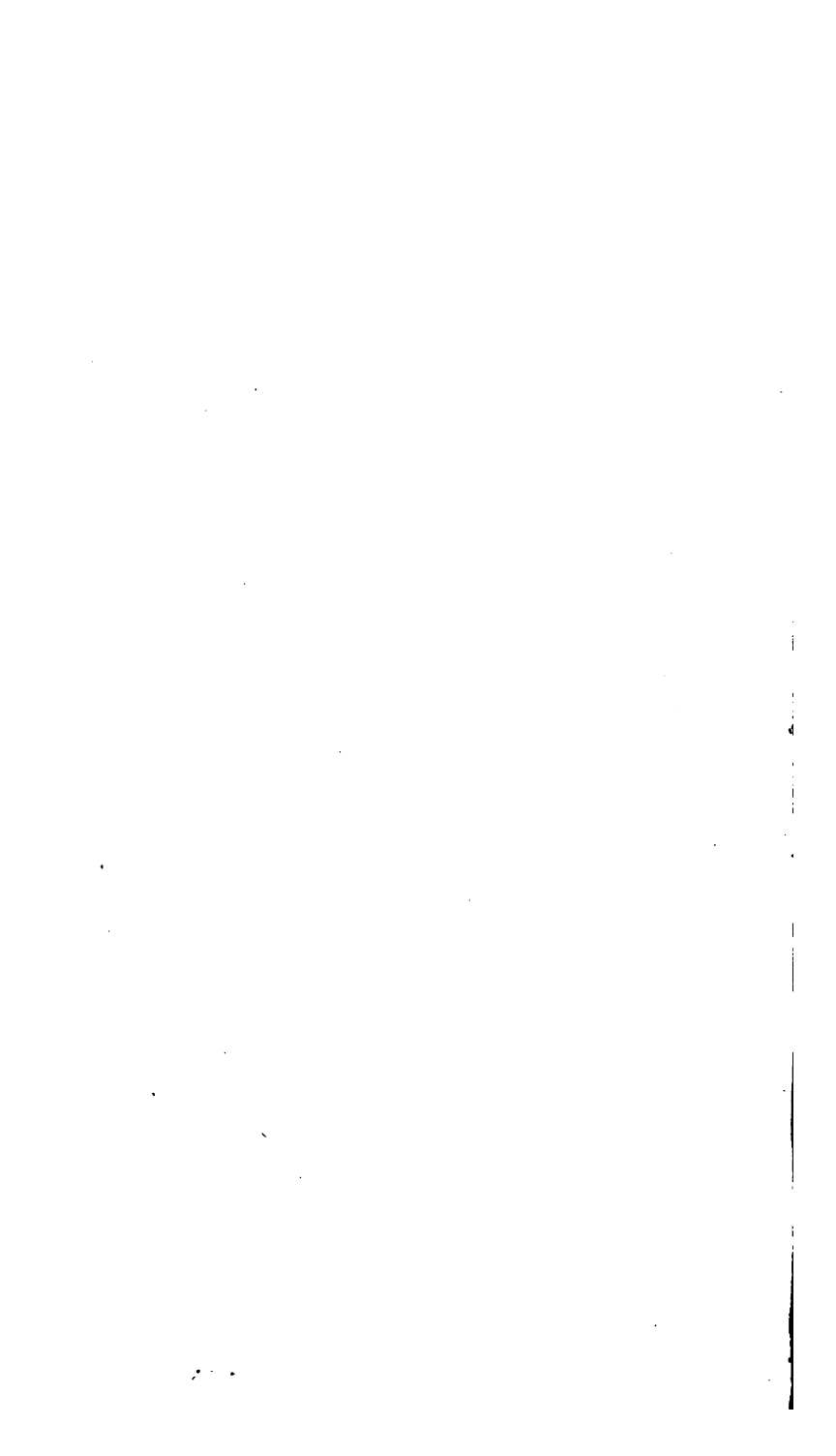
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CHAPTER XIII.

Jan. 4. 1822.—I STROLLED this morning to the village, where I had first been with the hermit. As I entered the narrow street, I saw several persons collected before the door of the house which I thought was Auguste's, the preserved mariner; and I hastened on, expecting to find, perhaps, the joyful preparations for his wedding in full course. But when I had reached the cottage, a very different sight presented itself. Seven or eight peasants were assembled in silence, looking upon the melancholy decora-

tions of a village funeral. Across the door of the house hung a black cloth, which just left sufficient space beneath its folds to allow the persons without, a view into the interior of the apartment. That was dark and dismal, the windows were all closed, and the only light which the cottage received was from the darkened door and a few wax tapers, which were placed in rude wooden stands, and surrounded an open bier. Within this, I could just see the pale features of the dead person, which were, however, partly concealed by a white pillow, which lay upon his breast, on which was placed the cross. Near the bier stood a small vessel with holy water, and a little brush for sprinkling it. I must acknowledge that my heart smote me when I saw the old mother sitting by the body: I had hoped that these preparations had been made for age and infirmity. It was not so! Auguste, the young, the hopeful, was dead! and I looked round

for Claire. I saw her near the poor mother, clasping her shaking hands in her own. I ventured not to enter the cottage at such a moment; the presence of a stranger and foreigner might have been disagreeable. I passed on, therefore, to the church, which was at a little distance. Its doors were open, and, just as I reached them, the *curé* came forth, preceded by a man bearing a tall cross, and carrying his black cap in his hand. I uncovered my head as he passed, and entered the church. It was simple and unpretending in its appearance, except in its altar. That was, as usual, loaded with flowers and tinsel ornaments, and a glittering painting of the patron Saint, reclined against the little pavilion in which the precious wafer was contained. A few votive paintings, and some fresh vine-leaves, hung round upon the walls, and completed the decoration of this rustic temple. My mind recalled to itself the village churches in my own country;

and I felt my heart and reason give the preference to the latter. Here, the gaudy trash and trappings of the altar conveyed no lesson to the simple peasants, but could only please and flatter their eyes. The priest, as he knelt before it, and moved backwards and forwards the vessels and Saints in solemn mummary, muttering some obscure and unintelligible prayer, could work no lasting effect upon the minds or hearts of his flock, who only obey, because they do not understand. How different is the scene in the sweet and humble English village! At the sound of the church-going bell, on a bright Sabbath morning, what a happy and holy sight is there! Wordsworth has beautifully described it in his "White Doe of Rylstone."

" From Boehm's old monastic tower
The bells ring loud with gladsome power;
The sun is bright, the fields are gay,
With people in their best array

Of stole and doublet, hood and scarf,
Along the banks of the crystal Wharf,
Through the vale retired and lowly
Trooping to that summons holy.

And up among the moorlands see
What sprinklings of blithe company,
Of lasses and of shepherd grooms,
That down the steep hills force their way,—
Path, or no path, what care they?
And thus, in joyous crowd they hie
To Boehm's mouldering priory."

And then, when they reach it, the low Gothic porch, with its stone benches, upon which the aged and weary rest themselves till the bell rings quickly in; the rustics in their doublets and stoles ranged in long rows up the aisle; the low murmuring from the vestry of the parish-school, as the minister's daughter listens to the Catechism which some of the lisping lips can scarcely utter; and the sullen sound of the opening and shutting of the pews. Then, the minister in a

plain white surplice, holding out the cheerful promise of absolution to the truly repentant; very different from the mysterious secrecy of the confessional, and its paltry penance of abstinence from flesh. Heywood, one of our old poets, has sarcastically described the arrogant system of Romish absolution and indulgence.

“ With small cost, without any pain,
These pardons bring them to Heaven plain.
Give me but a penny or two-pence,
And as soon as the soul is departed hence,
In half an hour, or three-quarters at most,
The soul is in Heaven with the Holy-Ghost.”

Then, too, the simple psalm sung in full ambitious chorus by the musical spirits of the village, who are all assembled, with the clerk at their head, and the bassoon in front in the large gallery, and, as its loud and ringing tones cease, the minister's voice is again heard slowly recalling the attention to the decalogue, as he stands at

the rude wooden table; on one side of which hangs our Saviour's prayer, and, on the other, those commandments which he is endeavouring to enforce. Finally, the clear Christian discourse, adapted to the understanding and hearts of all, alike removed from the gloomy threatenings of the Puritan and the licentious lesson of the Neapolitan Friar. But here, the peasants may troop to the mass with their gay jackets and nosegays, and shining crosses; their hearts may be humble and good; yet the communion of prayer, the spirit of that encouraging part of our service which prays all that may be there assembled, to accompany their pastor with a pure heart and humble voice in the supplications, is wanting.

The ignorant peasant prays, but knows not to whom, whether to the Saints, the Saviour, or his holy Mother. He listens to the Latin invocation with stupid astonishment, and thinks that it must be a fine thing to be so near the altar and

the host as *M. Le Curé*. I was interrupted in my reflections by the approaching sound of voices, which announced the advance of the funeral, and I heard the attendants singing one of those hymns which are particularly adapted to this part of France. As the strain came stealing on, I could compare its effect with that produced by the gradual approach of the same mournful train in England; and, again, the latter claimed the preference. The stillness which reigns around, broken only by the closing of the hearse-door, the neighing of the plumed and pawing horses, and the thrilling words of the clergyman as he precedes the coffin, "I am the resurrection and the life," are far more awakening to the dearest feelings of our nature than the artificial hymn that now echoed through the church as the procession entered it. Slowly advancing, the bearers placed the open bier in the middle, and stood round it. The priest, after having

knelt and bowed and knelt again before the altar, performed the funeral service, and the hymn for the dead was chanted. The old mother, who had attended the corpse, supported by Claire and her daughter, suddenly fell to the earth, as the deep voice of the assistant pronounced the *de profundis clamavi*, and was carried out. The ceremony then concluded, the priest having sprinkled the pale face with holy water; and they all left the church to proceed to the cemetery. I was anxious to inquire about the poor old woman, and hastened to the cottage. She had recovered, but was in great misery. "The will of the holy Saints be done!" said she; "but indeed it was a hard thing to lose my boy thus: better had it been that he had never come back, for then I should not have known how he suffered. But now I shall always think I hear him (and I thank God that I could not see him) speaking more and more weakly every day, and yet so gently and sweetly, and clasping my old hands

with his thin wasted fingers." Poor Claire and the sister said nothing : they were standing at the window looking towards the cemetery, where the dreary business was seen drawing to an end. The scene distressed me : I could be of no use or comfort, so I left the mourners unmolested, and returned to my house.

I found my friend the pedestrian waiting for me. My little pupil was there too, and was attacking him with some of those terms of abuse which are bestowed upon Englishmen in this country, and which children catch up without knowing what they mean. We were both much amused at his arch impertinence, and my friend said to me, " The mutual ridicule with which the natives of different countries are disposed to treat one another, is in no case so strongly exemplified as in that of France and England. The Spaniard, the Italian, the Swiss, the German, the Russian, and even the Turk, do not regard each the other with that consum-

mate and captious contempt which influences the untravelled Frenchman and Englishman. The latter, when he first arrives in this country, is prepared to consider the people, the manners, the customs, and the country, as inferior to his own, as perhaps the Chinese thinks the institutions of the Europeans are, compared with those of his Solon, Confucius. All the pride and prejudices of an islander are awake, and he passes among the officious and smiling Gauls with true British scorn. France! what is it full of, but dancers and tumblers, weak soups, frogs, fiddlers, and fripperies? and adopting the unsparing creed of that intolerant literary pontiff Johnson, he exclaims, as he shivers before a smoky wood fire, and gazes with despair upon the cold tiled pavement of his room, "*Extra Britanniam nulla salus.*"

"The Frenchman, on the other hand, crosses the narrow strait, to which he has given the singular appellation of the Sleeve; and concerning

which, I once saw a French caricature. It represented Bonaparte endeavouring to creep into the sleeve of a coat ; while a great staring figure in red, intended for *Le Roi George*, stood over him with a drawn sword, saying, "*si tu oses, tu y resteras.*"

"To return to our traveller. He lands in good humour and good will : he has been very sick, *Mais un peu de bouillon arrangera tout cela.* The commissioners of the hotels crowd round him, and he proceeds to the *Tete du Roi tenue par Podevin*. But soon all his latent prejudices are put into action, *Point de bouilli, une soupe comme de l'eau, du vin comme de l'encre, et rien qu'une sauce blanche. Quel pays d'Heretiques ! cent Religions, mais qu'une sauce !* Then on his journey up to London. The rapidity of the diligences affrights him ; the exorbitant charges at the Inns make him wish himself again at *Beauvais* ; and the dark foggy atmosphere of London, as he descends the precipitous steep

into Greenwich, recalls to his terrified mind the pistols and the poisons, and the suicidal taste of the country, where the sun never shines. Nor is his distress alleviated, when he arrives at the White Bear. All is Babel and confusion around him; nothing but cries of *Coach, Coach*, and frequent attempts of the porters to carry off his *sac de nuit* to a *fiacre*. His fare is demanded by a man who keeps his hat on his head; and who, instead of a profound bow, for the munificent *pour boire* of twelve *sous*, throws them into the kennel, and calls him a French fool. When he has at last succeeded in discovering his friend in Poland-street, he finds him half English, eating beef and potatoes, and drinking porter. He sets forth in search of a *Restaurateur*, and *dans un carreau*, as he calls it, or square, actually discovers a real undoubted one. He enters delighted, orders his *julienne*, his *fricandeau*, his *omelette aux fines herbes*, and his *demi bouteille de Bourgogne*. He has omitted

to examine the *carte*; "*mais c'est égal*," he knows well enough the price of these articles. *A la bonheur!* he exclaims as he finishes his portion of Parmesan, and calls for the note. *Mais, Grand Dieu!* ten shillings! Why he could have a superb dinner *chez Verry*, *la demi tasse* and *petit verre* included, for less. He has scarcely recovered from the dismay which this occurrence has excited within him, when he strolls into a coffee-house. He takes his hat off as he enters, and makes a bow to a lady, who happens to be sitting at a table, waiting till her husband comes down stairs, and whom he has mistaken for the *dame du Comptoir*. He addresses his conversation to a gentleman near him, who scarcely answers him, and looks at him suspiciously. Baffled in his attempt to procure a game at dominoes, he calls for coffee, which is brought to him in a large silver vessel, surrounded by a labyrinth of basins and cups. The coffee seems like the scourings of the boiler at the

Café de Foi ; and his grimaces and annoyance are prodigious. He rises to leave the *café*, and gracefully pours the contents of the sugar-basin into his pocket, amidst the laughter of the persons who are near, and the indignant expostulations of the waiter. And to crown all, the fourpence which he had laid down upon the table, and the one which he presents to the waiter, are both scornfully rejected, and two shillings are angrily demanded. Such are the miseries which await many an unfortunate native of this country, who crosses over to England, with all the vain and pert prejudices of his nation, which, though differently shewn, render him just as ridiculous, and really uncomfortable, as the sullen Englishman."

CHAPTER XIV.

My friend the Pedestrian proposed, that we should walk together to the Lazarette, as I had been long anxious to see this singular building. It is built upon a rising ground, to the right of the harbour, and open to the influence of the *Mistral*. This wind, which, I have had frequent occasion to mention, is one of those peculiar phænomena which affect particular districts: it blows from the north-west, and, when gentle, diffuses an agreeable and refreshing coolness upon the parched vineyards and thirsty fields. But it frequently sweeps over Provence with the utmost fury, howling along the troubled waters of the Rhone, shaking, and sometimes shattering the bridge of boats, which connects the ancient town of Tarascon with its opposite neighbour, Beaucaire, so well known

as the Leipsic of France. And then spreading itself away through the country, it snatches up the thick heaps of white dust, that have lain accumulating for months upon the roads, and whirls them in a blinding cloud upon the passenger and the pasture. And I myself have seen the air as thick for miles round with this dust as if it were snowing. It has been known to continue for weeks and months together, and to disappear for as long a period ; as for instance, during the miserable days that Marseilles passed, when oppressed by the plague. For it is considered in the Provençal harbours a great dispeller of the unwholesome air, which may, and probably does, arise from the beating of a southern sun upon a tideless sea. The waters of the ports upon the Mediterranean are not renewed and refreshed by the influx of pure waves ; all the mud and filth of the city run into them, and a dangerous steam must arise from the corruption and constant contamination which thus take place.

The Lazaretto is a very large establishment ; but, as I have before set down an account of its regulations, it will not be necessary for me to record much concerning it now. We were admitted within an outer gate, upon which might well be inscribed those lines which Dante has placed over his Inferno :

“ Per me si va nella città dolente,
Per me si va nell’ eterno dolore,
Per me si va fra la perduta gente !”

Beyond the gate we found a long passage separated from the rest of the building by a treble screen of iron, behind which the persons who are performing quarantine stand when they wish to communicate with their friends. Several were then engaged in this agreeable employment, but looked extremely ridiculous thus caged up. They had more the appearance of the royal lions and tigers which I remember to have been so delighted with when a child, as they roamed backwards and forwards in their

iron dens, lashing their bodies with their spiry tails, and glaring out through the bars upon the impudent intruders. But yet, appalling reflection! those men, were they but admitted to the embrace and society of their friends, might work as much, aye and more, horrible mischief than the wildest and worst of savage beasts. Look at the sad history of the Plague, and even now the frightful condition of Barcelona. The last accounts from that place were indeed distressing; it had become a second Marseilles under the fearfulest influence of pestilence; but, alas! unlike her, in the devotedness and heroism of its citizens. For they are divided against themselves; the pest of anarchy has united itself in most unholy league with the fever's yellow banners; and they march on unchecked, nay, even aided by the mad and parricidal civil warfare of the Catalonians. I am informed that the deaths exceed 1500 a-day, and that some wretches have been detected in mixing poison

among the fish in the public market : that, of the physicians who went down thither from Paris, in noble emulation of the two Charitable Sisters, one has died, and another is in great danger : that the disease has spread all along the coast of Spain, and that Cadiz herself begins to tremble : that the suburbs of the city are covered with the dead bodies of persons who attempted to make from the city, and who were instantly shot by the Sanitary Cordon. It has been asserted, that the establishment of this latter precaution, which has also taken place in France, is more likely to introduce the infection than avert it ; as it will be impossible to prevent the troops from having communication with some diseased persons. And this has given rise to an anxious discussion respecting the nature of the yellow fever, whether it be contagious or infectious. I am not sufficiently versed in these matters to decide the question ; but from the inquiries I have made here, I should rather be in-

clined to consider it as infectious simply, and not contagious. I say, simply, because it appears to me that it is much more easy to take precautions against such diseases, than against those which are contagious. This has been proved in the present instance, with respect to Marseilles ; for it is now well known, that a man who had been employed on board one of the suspected vessels, in discharging her cargo, and had been allowed, finally, to come on shore, died a day or two after of the yellow fever. He lodged in one of the streets of the old city, where the plague first broke out, and must have communicated with the other inmates of the house. The authorities got intelligence of the circumstance, and the house was instantly blocked up, the man buried in quick-lime, and his wife, and all the persons whom they could possibly suspect of having had intercourse with the deceased, sent to the Lazarette. This happened some time back, and was not, I believe, generally known for some days.

But when it did become known, it excited great alarm here. Many families quitted their houses, and fled away to Avignon, and some even to Lyons. The news of our position reached Paris ; every body there considered us as a lost people, and I certainly saw a letter, stating that in that city it was very positively affirmed, that we were dying by twenties and thirties a day.

“ Extemplo Libyæ magnas it Fama per urbes.

* * *

Parva metu primo mox sese attollit in auras,
Ingrediturque solo, et caput inter nubila condit.

And I have no doubt that very shortly, though *parva metu primo*, she would have hidden (not her *diminished* head) among the clouds, and that thirty would have been made, according to Falstaff's arithmetic, three hundred. Nay, so far was this report carried, that an Englishman who left this place six weeks ago for Naples, has just returned as he went ; for the vessel was

refused admittance into the harbour, as coming from a diseased port ; and so said he to me, " I am come back *re infectâ*. But, thank God, this second visitation was averted from these walls, for nothing further has occurred ; and it would appear, from this circumstance, that the disease is clearly only infectious ; for had it been contagious, we should be now, perhaps, spread about the streets in agony, with no Chevalier Rose or good Belsunce to console and comfort our bodily and mental pains. The symptoms of this complaint may be easily mistaken for a common headache, till the fatal black vomit appears ; then, indeed, there can be no uncertainty. It has been said, that if between the paroxysms of this fever strong doses of bark and port wine be given to the diseased persons, a cure may be confidently expected.

We saw, through the grating, the captain of the American vessel that was wrecked the other day, watched closely by a guard. His reflec-

tions could not be the most agreeable during his captivity ; nor would, I imagine, those of any person be, thus imprisoned, in the midst of death and danger. No communication is permitted between persons who are in any way suspected as to their health ; and thus a man stalks about like some blighted and deserted sinner, and is reduced to the amusement of scrawling upon the walls of his prison, impatient and querulous sentences ; such, for instance, as “ *La vie est une quarantaine pour le paradis.*” Looking down upon the sea when we quitted the Lazarette, we could perceive some of the exiled ships riding at their anchors, and boats engaged in bringing off either their sick, or their cargoes. These latter, as I have I believe before remarked, are conveyed to the Lazarette, according to their nature, where they are subjected to the operation of being purified. The merchandize which is considered capable of communicating the infection, consists of silks, linen stuffs of all kinds,

cotton, sponges ; nay, books, chaplets, and rosaries. The boats were slowly labouring along with their dangerous burthens, and I thought I could almost see some sickening yellow wretch drinking in the light *Mistral*, which he hoped might cool his burning entrails. " Let us descend towards the harbour," said my companion; and on our way thither we passed an old gate, the only remnant then left in these streets of their old Roman masters. It was neither remarkable for beauty of architectural ornaments or form, but it might perhaps have been the entrance by which Constantine had been secretly admitted into the city, and through which the body of the strangled Maximin, which was discovered in the eleventh century, in a marble tomb, might have been conveyed, when Raynambauld, the Archbishop of Arles, ordered that the pagan bones should be cast into the sea. We passed on, and reached the quay. It was crowded with the idle and the industrious, the merchant, the

sailor, and the politician. Greece, England, Spain, Paris, supplied ample food for all ; and the crowd and conversation seemed to be as varied as the rich piles of fruit and goods that lay along the wharfs mixed with ropes and huge iron rings, and casks of oil. The fishermen, in their red caps and coarse rough brown jackets, were dropping about in their Spanish-looking boats ; and a watchful gendarme was lounging along here and there, and occasionally snatching the forbidden cigar from the detected sailor. For the use of this luxury is strictly forbidden upon the quay, lest some unlucky spark might communicate with the vast quantity of hemp and flax which Marseilles imports from the north. As we walked down toward the mouth of the harbour, a large brig came sweeping in with a considerable part of her stern torn away ; and as she passed between the two forts of St. John and St. Nicholas, and beneath that of Nôtre Dame, which, perched upon a barren beetling rock

above the latter fort, seems to be looking down upon the city and waters at its feet as its peculiar charge, the crew uncovered their heads, and reverently crossed themselves. They had probably been hard pressed at sea, as the appearance of their ship denoted, and they were thanking the blessed Virgin for her intercession. "The superstition and strangely contrasted behaviour of sailors in danger," said I to my companion, "is a singular feature in their nature. At one time, brave and bold as the waves they are climbing over, they dare and defy the storm, the cannon, and the concealed battery. But, should they happen to sail from a port on an unlucky day,—should their beads be wrongly numbered, or their paternoster be pronounced imperfectly, depression and dread hang upon them; and they feel all the old influence of the omen and the augur. Those men who are now moving by, and offering up their thanksgiving for their preservation, were probably encouraged in

the working of their ship during her dangerous troubles, by some favourable sign, some unusual brightness of the lamp that was burning near the picture of their patron St. Nicholas. Else they had perhaps yielded to the terrors of the tempest, and the splitting ship would have echoed with their drunken and desperate cries." We ascended the *Place de la Tourette*, in whose pits lies the dust of a city. Magistrates, Priests, nobles, slaves, and fair female forms, were all cast into the moaning caverns ; and those impressive lines of Virgil, in which he describes the husbandman ploughing a field of battle, might be here applied to the fisherman :

"Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulchris."

We proceeded up to the church, which stands at the end of the terrace, and which is said to have been built upon the site of an ancient temple of Diana. It is mean and neglected, as are all the

churches of this city, and very unlike the sumptuous cathedrals of the Netherlands, where, however, I am inclined to think no deeper devotion prevails than in these southern climes. For, if the piety and sanctity of a Christian temple are to be estimated according to the number of holy relics which it contains, *l'Eglise Majeure*, which is the name given to this church, may fairly boast of its illustrious origin and treasury. It is asserted to have been founded by St. Lazarus himself, the brother of Mary Magdalen, who were both, together with St. Martha and Joseph of Arimathea, exposed by the Jews, in a vessel without sails, to the winds and waves, which, less cruel than their persecutors, wafted the saintly band to the shores of Provence. They dispersed themselves with holy zeal over the sinful country; but Lazarus remained at Marseilles, and founded this church upon the ruins of the Phocæan Temple. Mary Magdalen, the humble penitent, ever mindful of her

former guilt, and of its necessary penance, retired to the barren mountain of St. Victor, which looks down upon Aix, and shews itself to the mariner far out at sea. There she inhabited a grotto hollowed out of the rock, and there, amidst self-denial and mortification, she died. But her influence and memory still lingered about the rugged walls which her tears and trials had hallowed; and many a pilgrimage, and many a vow, were accomplished within their still recesses. Louis XIV. and his mother Anne of Austria, both knelt at the feet of the Colossal statue of the Saint, which then existed, but which the Revolutionary crusade against the images of God and man struck down into dust. The legend is firmly believed by the simple peasants; and even the more enlightened and enlarged mind may pause before it rejects entirely the fond imagination. The enthusiastic feelings which arise at the fancied presence of the dust of heroes or poets,

may be alike excited towards holier things; and he who is warmed to patriotism by the idea that he stands near the ashes of Nelson or Washington, in which are still living their "wonted fires," may feel his heart becoming more humble and devoted to God by the contemplation of those spots which tradition has invested with the odour of sanctity. When the fierce Crusaders, red with blood and slaughter, and trampling upon the malicious and turbaned Infidel, had planted the Christian banner upon the holy hill of Zion, the sight of the stony sepulchre in which they believed the wounded body of their Saviour to have been laid, softened and subdued their impetuous vengeance; they knelt in awe and admiration before it; and casting away their shields and dripping swords, and clasping their mailed hands in unanimous prayer, they felt, for a time, the presence of the God of peace and love. In what were the morals of the French people benefited by their contemptuous annihilation of those le-

gends and holy places, which form so considerable a part of the Roman Catholic Religion? Did it make them kinder or better? No. On the contrary, they became more wicked, and more frantic. The very populace of Marseilles, who would have formerly trusted in the intercession of their Saints, and have endured misery in patience, became, upon their abolition, the most licentious and lawless of the Republican banditti. * * *

An Abbé, who is collecting alms for the poor Christians in Palestine, is to preach to-morrow in the principal church, and I propose going thither.

Jan. 9. I went this morning to hear the Abbé Demahures deliver his discourse. The church was crowded to excess. There was no mass; it was simply an exhortation and address to the charitable feelings of his fellow Christians.

The Abbé was a man apparently about forty, dressed in a large black robe, and from his chin

hung a long black beard. His text was taken from Isaiah : " The wilderness, the solitary place shall be glad ; . . . and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose." He began by explaining the text in the sense in which he wished the words to be particularly understood by his congregation, and endeavoured to impress upon their minds the importance of his mission. He then went on to describe what that mission was, and concluded his sermon with a pathetic entreaty, that his hearers would believe implicitly the tale of distress he had told them ; that his humble voice might not be raised, as that of one crying in the wilderness, to pillars of sand and suffocating winds ; and that, by their powerful aid and assistance, they would cause the poor destitute churches of Palestine to be glad and blossom again, as the refreshed rose. The scene was striking. The church was filled with all descriptions of persons, and all apparently listening in deep attention. The voice of the

preacher, as it echoed down the aisle, and talked of the suffering pilgrim, the persecuted hermit, and the pious protection of those who listened to him, sounded like that of the venerable Peter, as he animated and excited the surrounding multitude to the first Crusade ; and I almost expected to hear, as he concluded, the unanimous shout, "It is the will of God ! it is the will of God !"

CHAPTER XV.

JAN. 20. MY friend the pedestrian came up yesterday, and asked me to accompany him to Nice; but I declined, at least for the present. I have become attached to this place, and my health is in that state that I cannot bear the fatigue of travelling. He remained with me the whole day, and afforded me very great amusement, by relating to me some of the various scenes he has passed through since he had resided in this country. He has lived in different parts of the Continent, and remained a considerable time at Lyons, which he described to me as a noble city, rich in trade, and in the beauty of its position.

He is an enthusiastic admirer of Nature, and told me that he used to pass much of his time

in wandering along the high woody banks of the Saône, which unites itself with the Rhône below the city. He particularly described to me, with considerable ingenuity, a small island called *l'Isle Barbe*, which lies in the centre of the Saône, close to the village of that name, about two miles from Lyons; and which, on the Patron Saint's day, with its gay tents and flags, and waving trees, and high-capped peasants, presented the appearance of some gay triumphal galley, slowly making her way down the river; and he also mentioned to me, the splendid effect produced by the procession of the holy Sacrament upon the *Fête Dieu*, as it spread itself down the long *Quai du Rhône*:—the cloudless sun shining full upon the silver censers, the waving plumes of the canopy, the military escort, the altars, like blooming bowers, placed at intervals all along as far as the eye could reach, the white streamers hanging in long lines from the windows of the houses, and the bare

heads of the thousands that lined the stone parapets and bridges, and the broad river beneath, slowly pacing on, and almost lingering about the rushy banks, as the priest held up the glory-encircled Host.

“ After having wandered over different parts of France for nearly a year,” my friend continued, “ I began to feel anxious to know something about my friends in England. I determined upon leaving Lyons, where I then was, and returning towards the coast of France, by way of Switzerland and the Rhine. I quitted Lyons one evening just before sunset, after the heat of the day, in the month of June. As I ascended the eminence which stands at the end of the *Quai du Rhône*, and which commences the road to Geneva, I paused, to look back upon the city I was leaving. The Rhône ran below me, and making a majestic turn, held on its mighty course by the long white quays, with their trees and steeples, and lofty houses ; while

the *Pont Morand* threw its slender arches across the waters, which rushed through them in rippling eddies. Beyond, on the other side, were fields, and vineyards, and long low marshes, and promenades; while the mountains of Dauphiné were spreading themselves in the distance. But more to the left, rose up in the clear evening sky, a dome, solitary and gigantic. It was the crest of Mont Blanc. Its distance was probably, in a straight line, eighty or ninety miles, and yet I saw it distinctly, and apparently near. I am inclined, as you may have observed, to think deeply upon all I see; and I have always found that the effect produced upon me by beholding these stupendous works of Nature at a distance, is greater than when I am beneath them. They leave an impression of mysterious awe upon my mind; and I can compare the feelings with which I looked at Mont Blanc, to nothing else than those with which I contemplate eternity. There it was still and stately, nor could any one

assert, that its foundations were not laid in the wilderness of glaciers and torrents. But between me and it, all was unknown and untrodden ; a wide space of meadow, garden, vineyard, and rocky glen must be passed, ere it could be reached ; and yet it was as certain, that the mountain was beyond, as that the bell which I heard tolling from the cathedral, and which swung its sullen sound even to my feet, was hanging, though out of my reach and ken, in its gothic tower. I turned to proceed : the sun suddenly sunk behind the dome, leaving it of a deadly white and livid colour, as the dark rock showed itself here and there through the snow. I paced on through the old provinces of Bresse and Bugey, towards Geneva. These two provinces formerly belonged to the Duke of Savoy, and were obtained from him in exchange for Susa, which commands the mountain-pass into Piedmont, by *le bon Roi Henri*. I need not mention his numerical position ; as unfortunately the ap-

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pellation which describes his character, at the same time points out to all who have read history, this among the few bright exceptions to the usual catalogue of kingly names. He was accused of having by this exchange made peace, *comme un marchand*, in giving up the town which commanded an easy access into the Promised Land of Europe; but Henry was content with the simple merit of having strengthened his frontier, without desiring the more brilliant possession that might have caused another Pavia. My road lay along the banks of the Rhône, which came rushing down from its native glacier. It was swollen with recent rains, and its dark rippling waters swept by the winding banks like a flying host. The country through which I passed, after my three days' march, was wild and mountainous, and seemed to be gradually swelling from the wide plains of France, into the rocky spires and snowy crags of Savoy."

"I passed the gulph where the angry Rhône

sinks into its rebellious channel, and is almost lost, till at some distance it rises again, at first gentle and repentant, but soon resumes its stern and stormy course as it hurries away to the Mediterranean. I remember I was asked for my passport there. The Commissary, who was a short pursy man, with a red Burgundy face, sat at a small desk in all the dignity of a village authority, and stared at me through his spectacles, as he read in good French my title of *gentilhomme Anglois*. My general appearance certainly was not much like that of a *nobleman*, having an old cloth knapsack on my back, a hat which might very well have passed for General Monk's in Westminster Abbey, and a coat which was very like a poet's. My shoes were still in worse plight, for the stony road of the mountains had so maltreated them, that I was literally in the situation of Peter Pindar's pilgrim on his way to Loretto. However, as *gentilhomme Anglois* I certainly was described ;

and the man, looking at me suspiciously, asked me where I was going, and said with a sneer, "*Ma foi ! Monsieur, si j'étois gentilhomme, je ne voyagerois pas à pied. Je suis bon piéton pourtant.*" His appearance, however, I presumed within myself to think, was very unlike that of a man capable of toiling up a mountain, for his legs were so thick and fat, and his neck so short, that I should as soon have suspected a barrel of being a pedestrian. However, the Commissary of *Blanchy* had a right at *Blanchy* to be what he pleased, but none to sneer at me ; so I very shortly told him that if he wanted to know where I was going he must look at my passport, and, as for his preferring any other conveyance than that of his own feet, it was no affair of mine. A few boys that were lounging at the door of the office, and the deputy's deputy, seemed thunderstruck at my disrespectful reply, but nothing further passed ; and the man having examined and signed my passport, I marched

on. I passed the night at an inn just above Geneva, in a small village; and my fondness for odd incidents had very nearly involved me in a serious inconvenience."

"The innkeeper, seeing that I was rather a singular-looking traveller, treated me with little ceremony, as my title was in my pocket, but my worn-out shoes stared him in the face. I reached the inn about sunset, and the man was sitting before his door. I asked if I could have a bed for the night. The innkeeper examined me from top to toe, and then said, "*Mais je pense que oui.* There is a room, is there not, Jeannette?" calling to his daughter, who was engaged in preparing supper within. The girl came immediately to the door with a piece of veal in her hand, into which she was inserting little pins of lard, and which made the meat look something like a red cribbage-board. She was a pretty *brulette* enough; and if I had been in better funds than I was then, and more like a *Seigneur*, I

had not fared ill in the hands of *la Demoiselle de l'Auberge*. But my present appearance was enough to banish all that kind of thing; and she said rather too haughtily, I thought, since she was addressing me, "*Oui, vous pouvez avoir un lit.*" This reply, however, was ambiguous, as it frequently happens in these small inns that there is only one room, which contains three or four beds. However, I made the best of it; and unbuckling my knapsack, I sat myself down on a bench at the door."

"The evening was uncommonly beautiful, and from my seat I could see part of the range of the Jura mountains, which were "up-heaving their broad bare backs to the sky." "*Il paroît,*" said the innkeeper, with that sort of look that a man assumes when he is endeavouring to say something impertinent in an easy jocose manner — "*il paroît,*" nodding at them with his head, "*que ces souliers-là s'ennuyent de vos pieds et de leur longue route. Ils seront bien contents de se*

reposer chez le savetier." All this was quite true; and as I have always found it the best way on these occasions to take such things in good humour, I replied, that I thought so too. My patience under this attack made us friends directly, and calling to his daughter, he told her to bring us the *goute*.* "Come, Sir," said he, "*choquons*† to our better acquaintance." I did not omit making my bow to the *demoiselle* as I drank "to our better acquaintance;" and my bow certainly neutralized the effect of my shoes, for she said, the gentleman is tired; perhaps he would like to have his supper, and retire early. I seconded this proposition, and ordered some warm milk and bread. The innkeeper seemed disposed to recommence hostilities at this death-blow to his usual supper charge of 3*f.* 10*s.*

* This is a small glass of brandy, which answers to our stirrup-cup in some instances, and in others, as it was used here.

† Let us hob-and-nob.

but I added directly, "and let me have a bottle of wine now." The storm passed off instantaneously; and we were soon seated at the table with our *Vin de Beaujolois*.—"Here 's to the health of your comrades," said the innkeeper, swallowing a large glass of wine that I had poured out for him: "I have seen many of them, and capital walkers they are; a little wild though, and not much like scholars." What the deuce does he mean? thought I, and I was going to ask him, when he continued, "*Ma foi!* you German students had better mind your Greek and Latin, than go wandering away to fight against the Turks. It is a poor business, and the Greeks won't thank you much, after all, for they want money more than men." Here was a curious mistake! However, I determined upon humouring it, as there appeared to be no gendarme stationed in the inn. "Why, as to money," said I, "to be sure we have not much of that," and

the innkeeper eyed me again; "but we have stout hearts and arms, and we know pretty well how to fight." "*Diable!*" said the man, "that is a curious life for a scholar; I thought you fought only with your pens and your books. But pray, what part of Germany are you of?" I had it all before me where to choose, so I resolutely replied, of Stutgard. "*Ah! la jolie ville,*" said mine host, "*je la connois bien.*" You have the advantage of me then, thought I. "It is upwards of three and twenty years ago, before you were born, young man, that I was there with our army, and well do I remember the time; — we were commanded by Moreau, *le traître!* but we all loved him then; ay, and if he had wished, he might have been our general now. *Pardi!* we had hard work of it there; the Archduke never let us rest, and soon beat away back to the Rhine the other army that was commanded by Jourdan, which was to communicate with us. And, after all, *nous voilà*

in full retreat, too, across the Devil's Forest ; for it was black and gloomy as himself ; and many a man found Hell or Paradise among its desperate defiles !* But a noble retreat it was, harassed as we were by the Austrian Duke, and that emigrant Bourbon." " Which ?" said I. " Oh ! d'Enghien ! d'Enghien ! he that got his deserts afterwards ; and yet that was a black affair, too. As to Moreau, what a pity it was that a man who could bring off his army so well, should go and have his legs shot off in an Austrian camp ! *Mais à la santé des jolies filles de votre Ville,*" and he winked at me as he savoured the wine, which he seldom tasted at his own expense ; " I used to drink to their healths when I was there, in bright bumpers of Rhein wine. I was quartered in

* In the Black Forest there was an inn, which took for its sign " The Kingdom of Heaven," and the peasants used to say, that, in that wood, either Heaven or Hell were found.

the house of a woman that sold fruit; and in one of the skirmishes about the city was wounded; she took care of me, and so did her daughter, my dear wife, God rest her! I married her, Sir, after the peace of Leoben, and brought her here, and we lived as happily as we could with our little girls. My wound here," pointing to his leg, which, I had not observed before, was lame, "kept me safe with my wife. But she died, Sir,—as we all must! Our *Curé* said that 'she made a good end;' and I know it, if he did not say so, for she had been kind and charitable. Perhaps you may know the house she used to live in; it was close to the Museum, a small low building, not far from the banks of the little river there."

I began now to repent a little of my new character, and proceeded to *battre la campagne*, as the French say. The innkeeper asked me various questions respecting people he had known at Stutgard; and concluded, by commencing

a conversation in German with me. "*Komen mein Herr,*" said he, "*lieben sie diese Wein ? er ist recht gut ?*" I have acquired a little acquaintance with that language since, and should have been glad to have had the same then, for the man might as well have talked to me in Arabic. I knew, however, that *Ya* was German for Yes, so I hazarded the monosyllable. "*Das ist wohl,*" said the innkeeper; "*diese Wein ist nicht travaillé,* as we say in French." "*Ya,*" responded I again, and instantly perceived my blunder; for the man, luckily however in French, attacked me. "*Comment, Monsieur l'Etudiant,* what do you say there? that my wine is doctored?" "Oh! *non, non,*" I stammered out; "but I left my country so young that I have almost forgotten my own language." "*Tant pis,*" said the man, rather surlily, and I thought suspiciously; but just then came the smiling Jeannette to the door of the house, and informed me that my milk and

bread were ready. "*Bon,*" said I, "*j'ai faim,*" and I went into the house, where my supper was set out. The innkeeper came in, and sat himself down before the kitchen fire, which I could just see through the door of the room I was in; and at a round wooden table sat two *rouliers*, or waggoners, taking their supper of harico beans. I was of course anxious to avoid all fresh conversation with the innkeeper, which might have further betrayed my *incognito*; so, after I had finished my milk, I called Jeanette, and she showed me my room; which was at the top of a narrow staircase, and had a small window looking upon the road. I told Jeanette that I intended to start very early in the morning, and paid her my reckoning, and gave her a franc for herself. "*Oh, Monsieur!*" said she, "you can easily open the door; *et je couche moi tout près de vous*, so that I shall hear you."

Now there are some wandering adventurers that this *couche tout près de vous* would have in-

stigated to some harumscarum trick ; but, as you perceive, I am too much of a philosopher to become a Don Juan. Jeannette wished me good night, and drawing to the door, which had, as usual, no lock, left me to myself.

My apartment was singularly furnished : some large wooden chests stood there ; one of which I ventured to open, and there beheld Jeannette's Sunday finery, and a magnificent cocked hat and coat of the old regime, that had belonged probably to some *seigneur du village*, and had fallen to the share of the innkeeper's father, who was of this part of the country, at the destruction of the noble pigeon-house and chateau. For you must know, that it was considered formerly a distinguishing mark of nobility to be entitled to a pigeon-house. To return to the furniture of my chamber : in one corner was a strange-looking closet, something like Bluebeard's ; and the same curiosity was excited within me to inspect it, as impelled the unfortunate

Fatima. Besides, some bravo might be concealed within it; and before opening the door, I cautiously felt about the room for the chinks of a trap-door, through which my mangled body was to be cast. I opened the closet, which turned out to be a very *safe* one, for it contained sundry pieces of cold *bouilli*, and butter and bread. It was, however, a mark of confidence in Jeannette, to leave me alone with them; and I prepared to undress myself in great security, when I heard a noise in the road below, and saw two gendarmes ride up to the inn, escorting a couple of runaway galley-slaves, as I guessed them to be from their peculiarly haggard appearance. I just saw them dismounting by the light of the moon, and calling for the innkeeper to take their horses. The prisoners were chained together, and clanked into the house after the gendarmes, who made the kitchen resound with their calls for supper, and the stamping of their heavy boots. *Votre passeport, Monsieur*—the *il Bondo*—

cani talisman of the Police, darted across my mind; and I felt myself in a cold sweat as I recollected my inconsiderate assumption of the suspicious character of a German Student and Crusader. The innkeeper, I thought, would most assuredly mention his having one of those public personages in his house, and my imagination represented me chained, as an impostor and dangerous spy, to the slaves, and led away to Lyons. I remained perfectly quiet, however, listening in much anxiety to the conversation below, and expecting every instant to hear '*Ma foi, il faut bien faire attention à ces pietons-là*, go, my girl, and ask for his papers.' But to my great relief, nothing of this sort passed, and the noise below gradually died away. I could not however sleep, as I was considering how I should get off in the morning, which, as it broke into my room, found me feverish and perplexed.

I got up and dressed myself. I took the precaution of removing all my baggage from my

knapsack, and put it into my pocket, with the knapsack, which was small, and could just contain my necessary changes of linen ; then, taking my shoes in my hand, I cautiously descended the stairs. When I got down, the door which separated it from the kitchen was shut, and I peeped through the glass above it : one of the gendarmes was fast asleep near the fireplace ; and the other was standing at the door of the inn, and seemed to be examining the appearance of the weather. I hesitated a moment before emerging from my reconnoitring post ; but it was better to have to do with one than two, so out I came. The noise I made in opening the door made the gendarme turn round, and the runaways who were chained to a strong wooden bench, which was fastened to the wall, and were lying on one side of the room, turned their heads and looked at me. The gendarme quitted the door, and entering the kitchen, said, " You are early this morning, friend." "*Oui*," said I,

in my best French, "*J'ai loin à aller ce matin ;*" and putting on my shoes, I was quietly passing the man, when he said, "*Allons ! Allons !* you are in a great hurry, *prenez la gouté auparavant,*" and he poured out two small glasses of brandy, one of which he presented to me. The devil take his *gouté*, thought I ; but in for a penny, in for a pound, as they say, so I swallowed my brandy, and made a second attempt to retreat. Whether my evident uneasiness struck the gendarme, I know not, but something seemed to do so, for he suddenly said, "*Apropos, mon homme, have you a passport ?*" My blood ran cold, when just at that moment down came Jeannette. "*Ah, majoliette,*" said my persecutor to her, "*te voilà aussi, ma foi !* every body seems in motion this morning." I made, during this interval, a third effort to extricate myself from my critical position ; and the good-natured girl, seeing that I was in some difficulty or other, said to the gendarme, "*Laissez le aller ; nous le connaissons—il n'y a pas de danger ;*" and making an awkward bow, away I went.

CHAPTER XVI.

I took care, said the pedestrian, to walk slowly while in sight of the house, lest I should excite some suspicion; but the gendarme, who came again to the door, seemed quite satisfied by Jeanette's mediation, and calling to me, said, "You will find the path down by the river dry now, and the bark is mended; if I were you, I would go to Geneva that way."

Now, he might as well have talked to me of a path in the moon, as I had never seen the country before; but I presently overtook, just at the turning down of a lane, three men. I hailed them, and asked them my way to Geneva. "Oh!" said one, "we are going that way ourselves; come with us, and we will guide you." Accordingly, we all four pro-

ceeded on, and soon descended into a rich valley of meadow and corn field, all green and fresh with the recent rains. From the conversation of the men, I found that they were Savoyards returning home from some of their wide and wandering journeys. They were men, but had probably passed their youth amid the streets of Paris or London. Sent off in their earliest years from their native mountains, with a marmot or an organ, and a few *sous*, the hardy Savoyard journeys

“ With humble ware and pipe of merry sound ;”

and daunted by no distance or difficulties, paces away with his wild music along the roads of a foreign clime friendless and forlorn. When he reaches any considerable city, there he takes his stand, and collects a curious crowd around him by the exhibition of the little animal, his constant companion, or the miraculous machinery of his organ. Thus, perhaps, he may contrive to

scrape together a scanty subsistence ; but it is, indeed, scanty, and often the gateway of some house, or the bench before some door, is his bed ; or if he attempt, by industry, to gain a better livelihood, the vilest employments are assigned him ;—he clammers up the dark chimney, or polishes the shoes of the hurrying *calico*, at Paris ; or he becomes an itinerant vender of images, or the exhibitor of monkeys and dancing dogs in the British capital. And when he has succeeded at last in hoarding a little treasure, his green valleys and wooden cabin present themselves before him, and he hastens back to pass the rest of his days amidst the winding recesses of *La Maurienne* or *La Tarentaise*, two of the beautiful defiles of Savoy.

Such characters I found were the men I had joined ; and we continued our way together, and, gradually descending, reached the banks of the Rhône, which ran racingly by. We hallooed for the bark, which was upon the other

side, and which presently came swinging across by means of the pulley which is fastened to a rope stretched from a post on one side of the river to another on the opposite side. We all got into the bark, and floated slowly back, as the stream was so rapid that it impeded the transversal motion of our vessel : all our dependence was upon the strength of the rope which retained the boat ; had that broken, we must have been hurried off, or perhaps swept down into the gulph which swallows up the unwilling river. We, however, arrived safely on the opposite bank, and I began to feel that I was on Swiss ground. But we were yet a considerable distance from Geneva ; and after walking on for an hour or two, I invited my companions to enter a small inn, and called for some wine. "They drank, of course, to my health ; but the wine was detestable, cold and sharp, something like that which is produced round Paris. My Savoyards, however, appeared to relish it well enough, and said

to one another, "*Bon, bon ; ceci vaut mieux que la mauvaise bière de Londres.*" "What, then, you have been in London?" said I. "Yes, we have been there," replied one of them—"I and my comrade here; but he," pointing to the third, "has always lived at Paris." "And how did you like London, my friends?" said I to the two who had been there. "*Ah! Monsieur, pas trop;* we poor wanderers never wish much to live in such large cities; every body despises us and our broken words, and many a cold comfortless night have we passed upon the steps of some fine Palace. *Mais vive St. Maurice et notre chère vallée!* we shall soon forget all when we get back to Chamouny."

I could have wished to have made them my guides to that place, and to have visited the mighty *Archiprete dei monti*; but my finances were in that state which requires a strict adherence to some settled route; and this I had resolved should be along the shores of the Lake

of Geneva on the Swiss side, and so across the country by Fribourg to Berne and Basle. The country through which we passed after we had quitted the inn, did not strike me as differing particularly from any other, the wide plain on which Geneva stands being hidden from my view.

We continued, however, gradually to advance; and as we passed among the long green lanes which lead from the river to the city, the Savoyards struck up part of that beautiful air which was so popular at Paris, and which these men had probably learnt there.

Aux montagnes de la Savoie
Je naquis de pauvres parens,
Voilà qu'à Paris l'on m'envoie,
Car nous étions beaucoup d'enfans,
Je n'ai apporté, hélas ! en France,
Que mes chansons, quinze ans, ma vielle et l'innocence.

When we had arrived, as they informed me, within half a mile of Geneva, my companions told me that their path lay in another direction, that they had far to go before night-fall, and taking off their hats, and wishing me a *bon voyage*, they all three dropped down into a narrow winding road which turned away to the right; and I continued my journey alone.

I soon got a glimpse of Geneva, spreading before me with its two towers, looking like those of the Tower of London; but I was still a considerable time before I reached the gates. I entered them from the Savoy side, where the two roads branch off; one towards Chamouny, and the other leading away to France. I confess that its appearance disappointed me; I had heard so much of Geneva; of its being such a Paradise; of the beauty of its site, and the charming richness of its environs. I saw nothing but a wide extent of country, varied, to be sure, but

not so picturesque or agreeable as that about one of our English watering-places,—I mean Tunbridge Wells. The Jura mountains rising like giants, and sullenly bending away towards Basle, were the only interesting objects in sight ; for when I looked towards the Alpine recesses of Savoy, all was cloud and obscurity. But as I advanced, I saw the blue lake glancing in upon me occasionally through some break in the houses ; and I hastened on in all the anxious anticipation of having one of my first wishes gratified. Again I was disappointed ; instead of a magnificent sheet of water spreading itself out in majestic extent, I perceived that the lake at Geneva only shewed part of its charms, like an artful coquette ; and that all its love and beauty lay retired behind the green banks of the *Pays de Vaud*. Still it was a fresh and cheering sight, as the waves came whitening round the point of land which forms its bend, and made two or three boats that were rowing up from Lausanne, heave and roll as if at sea.

I roamed about the town, beneath its dark sheds, and ascended the terrace, whence I again saw the lake. But I always become tired in a short time of a town ; its museums and galleries, and libraries, never interest me ; my imagination speeds over the country which surrounds them. Besides, my finances were so narrow, that they only admitted of my enjoying the unstinted beauties of Nature ; and the constantly repeated franc at the door of these shows, would soon have made my little, less ! I visited, however, the old church, from whose pulpit the gloomy Calvin may have dictated his Pontifical decrees, and, perhaps, fulminated the deadly sentence upon Michael Servet.

It is a singular reflection that two of the Lake cities of Switzerland should have been the scenes of parallel instances of bigoted zeal in two rival religions. Constance beheld the intrepid Huss sacrificed, either to the weakness or treachery of the Emperor Sigismund ;

and the Pope of Geneva imitating those, against whom he preached, condemned his Arian opponent Servet to be burned alive.

As my funds were in this state, you may conclude that I did not dine at the *table d'hôte* of the expensive inns of Geneva. I just planted myself in the corner of one of the small rooms at the *Traiteur's*, a house looking upon the lake ; and enjoyed my simple fare with that companion before me, more than if I had swallowed soups and sauces in a crowded chattering room.

After dinner, I strolled about, and looked up at the windows of the house in which Rousseau was born, with that enthusiastic pleasure that one feels in beholding the former residence of a favourite author. It is almost like grasping the hand of an old friend ; all the passages of our former pleasures and amusements flow in upon our hearts.

I saw many of my countrymen lounging about ; none, however, that I knew ; and pro-

bably if I had, neither I, nor they, would have been desirous of claiming acquaintance, as our mutual pride would have held us back : I, because I was poor, and they, because they were rich. I had, however, somewhat improved my costume ; I had sent my shoes, according to the innkeeper's hint, *de se reposer chez le Savetier*, and I was shod in a splendid new pair, which were, however, rather like the seven devils, more wicked than the others, for they pinched my feet cruelly.

I had left my baggage safely at the inn, a small place somewhere in the street leading along the lake ; and as I rambled on, saw several carriages hastening away, filled with glittering company, towards the country. I walked in the same direction that they took ; but presently I saw them all returning, slowly and silently, with the same inmates, but some of them in tears : the circumstance surprised me ; I spoke to some person who was returning on foot,

and he told me that the ball to which the carriages had hastened, was stopped by a fatal accident. A little boy, one of the sons of the lady who gave it, had been playing in a cart, the cart had upset and fallen upon him, and the child lay in agony, and probably expiring. It was further said, that the poor mother, when told of the occurrence, thought not that it was so serious; but when the physician, who had been to visit her little boy, came into the room to make his report to her, she asked him if the ball could go on? "Ball! Madam," replied he, "in twenty-four hours your child will be dead." The mother fell senseless, and never recovered completely the shock.

Upon returning to my inn, I mentioned that I intended to set out early the next morning. The people of the house asked me if my passport had been signed? "No," replied I; "I thought that in Switzerland there was no neces-

sity for that." They laughed at me, and I found that this Republic had imitated the suspicious care of its neighbours, and that the traveller was obliged to add another link here to that chain of superintendence which lengthens as he goes. I set forth, therefore, to the Senate-house, where, after waiting some time as obsequiously as in the *Bureau des Affaires Etrangères* at Paris, I was favoured with the signature of the Swiss ædile.

I then went and stood upon the bridges that unite the two parts of the city, and beneath which the Rhône seems to speed away, as if it feared a second annihilation in the rival lake. I was not a native of Geneva, and yet I almost felt that faintness of heart which Rousseau describes himself to have experienced as often as he crossed them—*Un défillement de cœur*, as he calls it. I returned to my *hôtel*—a name goes a great way; and went to bed. Next morn-

ing, before sunrise, I was up, and in motion. I left the inn, and emerged shortly upon the road which leads towards Lausanne.

There is no one but the pedestrian that can tell or feel the delight of this commencement of his day's march in a bright breezy morning.

“Cheerful, at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes.”

Every thing pleases him ; he may be said to feel his existence, and the singing of the birds, the waving of the trees, the distant lowing of the cows, make him stride on like a giant refreshed.

On I went, and as I met the peasants carrying in their milk and fruit to market, I regaled myself with the delicious and still warm liquid, which, with some fruit and bread, made me a capital breakfast, and equalled the rich *lieben Frauen milch*, which I afterwards tasted in Germany. You are too independent and inqui-

sitive yourself, my friend, to see any thing in this, but an ardent devotion to simple and natural tastes; and you can, I am sure, understand the pleasure I feel in this mode of breakfasting. There are many, I know, who would smile upon me with scorn, and perhaps might call me mad; but I can reply to them in the words of the Roman: "*Malim cum 'meipso' insanire, quàm cum aliis sapere.*" I had rather enjoy a fresh morning on the shores of Geneva's lake, though I fasted on bread and water for days, than dine upon turtle or venison, washed down by the brightest champagne.

"You are right," replied I. "He who loves Nature and all her works and wonders, can, indeed, say that he is independent. The smiles of mankind pass away, their hearts grow cold towards us, and if we are unfortunate, they either quite neglect us, or look upon us with that sort of pity which the rich man bestows upon the beggar. But Nature, glorious, gracious Nature,

is ever unchanged ; and if storms for a time deface her fields and ruffle the glassy surface of her lakes, she soon, like a hasty but affectionate mother, breathes comfort to us again, and showers upon us her sweets and flowers. When I came hither, my heart was almost broken, life seemed a blank to me, and I looked around upon those glittering walls and houses, as upon the white tomb that was to relieve and rest me. But the precious breezes of that sparkling sea have brought some coolness to my burning soul ; the endless peace of these skies has lulled my unquiet thoughts to some repose ; and I have found that to sit and muse on the past amongst the wild herbs which grow in the wood beneath, is less painful than if I were in crowded streets or chambers. The slumbering passions of my nature are not roused by the sight of forbidden fruits ; and though I am for ever banished from the world's Eden of domestic bliss, yet the fiery flashing of the restless sword falls less fiercely

upon my eyes. But pray continue your account.”

“ Well,” proceeded my friend, “ I paced on in the full enjoyment of my greatest pleasure. I had been recommended to go to Ferney to see Voltaire’s house, where, if I chose, I might sit in his chair; but Voltaire never was a favourite with me, and the mere sight of an author’s dwelling, unless he has been my companion and friend, does not tempt my curiosity. So I passed on amid the shady avenues of trees which border the commencement of the road, and shelter the numerous villas that are scattered along the banks of the lake. This I could not see, for it was hidden by walls and gardens, except when it sparkled in upon me through the trees of some orchard, whose wall was not so high as the rest. At last, however, my view was unimpeded, and I could walk close to the dimpling waters. I reached Nyon, but passed beneath it, and loitered on, dreaming and delighted. The frowning black cliffs of Savoy

reared themselves on the opposite side, just leaving space enough between themselves and the lake for a road, a village, or town; the lake lay like a precious amethyst, with the dark mountains reflected within its surface, and whispered and wound about the shore at my feet. And what a contrast did that shore present to the other side. It was like hope to despair!—the one, green, flourishing, and fruitful; the other, brown, barren, and blighted. Nyon, Rolle, vineyards, smiling villas, white churches, and liberty, were around me!—beyond, were squalid cabins and despotism.

I dined at a small inn, somewhere on the road between Rolle and Lausanne; and towards the afternoon, when the sun's heat was a little past, continued my route. But soon the magnificent full view of the lake opened upon me, as I reached an eminence at some distance from the inn; and my eyes impatiently darted their view away down to its extremity, where some

white shining specks told of Vevay and Chillon, and on the other side, La Meillerie.

Evening was coming on, and I sat down upon the bank; a dark cloud was hanging over part of the waters, and I thought portended one of those magnificent lake storms which sweep out from the Alpine treasures of tempest and trouble; but the cloud passed slowly away, leaving the unspotted lake pure and harmless, as it looked up to the smiling sky. I would not yield the remembrance of the sensations I experienced while resting myself, for that of the most brilliant success of ambition. I took out a small tin cup, which I carried with me constantly, and drank some of the cool waters; and I can well conceive the feelings which made Rousseau, as he roamed along those shores, mingle his passionate tears with the blue waves. There is no explaining in detail, the intensity of the delight of a true adorer of Nature, when surrounded by her choice works, —he cannot explain it himself. He feels that

his heart is identified with the beautiful objects which are spread around him, and he remains in rapt and rapturous contemplations. When I indulge this holy enthusiasm, those rich lines of Beattie have always come into my mind, and I have *felt* them :

O how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields?
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields,—
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom yields,
And all the dread magnificence of Heaven,—
O how canst thou renounce and hope to be forgiven?

The bell of Lausanne, as it ' swung its sullen
roar o'er the wide water'd shore,' warned me
that it was time for me to return to reality ; and
towards dusk, I found myself ascending the steep
eminence upon which that city stands. It was
Saturday evening, toil was at an end, and the

inhabitants were slowly sauntering along upon the terrace, which is the first object that attracts the attention. I paused as I passed across it, and looked down again upon the lake. Its character was changed. The moon had risen, and a pale golden path seemed to connect the rival banks; that of Savoy looked still darker and drearier, while a few solitary lights glimmered along its frowning line. I turned to proceed, and made my way to an inn, (not the Faucon, I should just as soon think of going to the Clarendon in London, but a smaller and more modest one.) I was furnished with my usual repast of bread and milk, and went to bed.

But it grows late, said my pedestrian acquaintance, and I have some distance to go; some other time, I will relate to you the rest of the circumstances which I have met with in my travels."

CHAPTER XVII.

January 20.—I WENT strolling about the country to-day, away beyond the Château Borelli, and reached another *bastide* or villa, which lies near the mountains. In my way thither, I passed a solitary-looking Château, where, they told me, the present King of Spain had lived for some time, when he had been kidnapped into France by the king of the fortune-tellers, who built up castles and coronets for others, but, like the blind wandering gypsy, could not control his own fate. Many of the Peers and Princes that he made are now high and haughty in their golden galleries at Paris; while the Aladdin himself has lost the magic lamp, and sleeps on the enchanted and solitary rock of the Atlantic. The house-

itself presents nothing remarkable,— a few fig-trees and vines are scattered about it; and Ferdinand must have bitterly regretted the shady groves of Aranjuez, while wearing his degraded days away upon this parched soil. The villa, which I visited afterwards, was of a very different description;—it belonged to some rich merchant of Marseilles, and its gardens were laid out like a little Versailles. Statues and fountains and pavilions, in mimic microscopic mockery, brought the stately avenues of that splendid palace to my recollection. But here the resemblance failed, for as I sat beneath the shade of the fig and almond trees, and as the bee and the blithe bird hummed and hovered about me, I thought of the damp and dingy atmosphere that was then hanging over the leafless elms and oaks of the northern chateau.

As I was returning home, I overtook a peasant driving a mule, laden with the roots of olive-trees and their branches, which he was carrying home

for fuel. Those branches make a delicious fire, especially when mixed with the almond wood;—they diffuse a rich perfume around the room, and fill it, as it were, with incense. I am very fond of a wood fire;—there is something venerable, hospitable, and, I may almost say, poetical, in the sight of a wide chimney filled with bright bickering logs, that crackle and sparkle and seem to rejoice themselves in the cheerfulness they create. The “*ligna super foco large reponens*,” is, in my opinion, much more calculated to dissolve the cold than coal, for there is nothing to impede the circulation of the hot air from the chimney; and the feet, the most important part of the circulating system, are kept infinitely warmer than when the fire is contained in an elevated grate. And then the faggots blazing upon the ample hearth carry us back to olden times, to the days of the ancient hall hung round with banners, of the dais, and the volcano of a chimney, that mingled its roaring with the wild

wassail that echoed along the gothic benches; some remnant of which antique state may be found in the halls of our colleges at the Universities;—there are the raised and privileged *high table*, the frowning pictures of some of the knightly founders, mingled with the grave bishop and the sagacious lawyer; and the pomp and ceremony of dining, such as it must have been when the Baron perhaps gave the same signal for dinner as the presiding *Fellow* does at present. The long train of attendants, bearing in the dishes after the conclusion of the short grace, to which attention is called by the single blow of a small hammer upon the tables, has always recalled to my mind these lines of Suckling.

“Just in the nick, the cook knock’d thrice,
And all the waiters, in a trice,
His summons did obey;—
Each serving-man, with dish in hand,
March’d boldly up with dish in hand,
Presented, and away.”

Alas ! these recollections of the former passages of my life, when I was in the full bloom of youth and hope, fall mournfully now upon my heart. And yet there is a pleasure derived from thinking upon the past, though the present be miserable and comfortless ; such as the mariner feels as he sees, in his mind's-eye, his wife and smiling children, and cheerful hearth, while surrounded by darkness and roaring breakers.

I recognized the peasant I had overtaken as the same I had before seen at my friend the hermit's ; and the recognition was mutual.

" *Bon jour, bon jour, Monsieur !*" said he, "*voilà ce diable de Mistral.*" The north-west wind had suddenly got up, and was flying away over the plain, pouncing upon the dusty roads and lanes, and scattering the white powder in our faces.

" Yes, my friend," said I ; " but it will do us good ; it will keep off the yellow fever."

"Ah! I don't think of that," said he; "*ma foi, non!* the fine folks in the city may talk about that if they will; but we *campagnards* have enough to do to mind our fields. But what do they say about the war?"

War! what could he mean? I had not then become so utterly indifferent to what was passing around me, as to be ignorant of a war.

"*On dit,*" added the peasant, "*que le général a été pris.*" I recollected to have heard something about a General Berton that had been hatching some annual plot in Saumur, and concluded that the man alluded to him.

"Oh!" said I, "all that will soon be over."

"*Tant mieux,*" said the peasant; "for though fevers don't much concern us, war does; we are obliged to pay our taxes, and more *droit* upon our wine, and every *sous*, you know, Sir, counts to a poor man."

"Make yourself easy, my friend," said I, "your tranquillity will not be disturbed."

"*Ah! vive la tranquillité!*" exclaimed the peasant.

We were approaching the village where my companion lived, which lay near the sea. The little tinkling bell of his mule brought out two or three children from the house up to the little court of which he drove the animal, and who began to stroke its ears, which he took very lovingly. The wife came to the door with a small dish of lentils in her hand, into which she was pouring some oil,—probably for their dinner. It was a sort of inn; I was tired, and the sun was at its greatest heat; so, upon the invitation of the peasant, I went in with him.

"*Allons, ma femme,*" said the man, "let us have some of our best *saucisses*, and our best oil, for the gentleman. We have no butter, Sir, you must go away beyond the Isère for that, but our oil is fresh and sweet."

I had never tasted any thing dressed in that

way before, so I made no objection. Our meal was soon prepared, and we sat down. The children had napkins carefully tied about their necks. The peasant said a short grace, and the wife prepared to do the honours of the simple board. My walk had given me some appetite, and I really found that their oil was not so disagreeable as I had expected. The peasants were quite pleased at my apparent satisfaction; and the man said to me,

“ Ah! my good gentleman, one sees well that you are not like the proud dainty seigneurs that sometimes come this way, and tell us that our country is good for nothing. The other day there came two fine ladies and a handsome cavalier to see the chateau, where you have been this morning, and they stopped here to refresh themselves;—but, *diable!* they wanted fresh butter and white bread, and bright knives; and said, that in their country every *auberge* had such things; and the gentleman

wanted Champagne and all those dainty wines, and said that ours was no better than English beer."

"Why," I replied, "I am not so rich as they are, perhaps, and must put up with humble fare. I certainly like butter better than oil ; but we cannot have all we would wish in a foreign land."

"You may say that with truth," said the peasant ; "and no man knows it better than myself. When I was eating black rusk at Algiers, I used often to think that I would be content to live upon walnut oil all my days, if I could get back to the place where they made it."

"Do they make an oil from walnuts?"

"Oh yes, Sir, down by Valence on the Rhône ; and we get some of it here sometimes, mixed up with the innocent olive oil."

"And what do you mean by Algiers and black rusk?" said I.

"What do I mean, Sir ?—why, that for a year

I was gazing among those cursed pirates, and looking wistfully enough at the rice and the mutton that my old devilish master used to devour ; and I should be there now, perhaps, had it not been for the good old Hermit of Saint Joseph."

"How did he contribute to your liberation?" I asked.

"How?—why by paying the ransom for me ; which I might as well have waited to pay myself as to dine with our *prefet*, although my good Annette here toiled in the heat of the sun, with her oar, in the hope of scraping up something for me."

I expressed my curiosity to hear the circumstance to which my host alluded ; and he immediately said, "Certainly, Sir, if you will come and sit with me under the large mulberry-tree where the little ones are playing, I will tell you all about it ;—and try and make us a little coffee, Annette," added the man to his wife.

"*Oh ! oui, pour le Monsieur ;* my good Louis, coffee is too dear for us," said Annette.

"*Ah bah !*" replied the husband, laughing, "you are as bad as my master Hamet, an old cruel devil, that used to tell me that I was a very expensive slave to him, because I drank so much water, that he should soon be obliged to sink a fresh well."

Annette seemed to be alarmed by this terrible comparison, and set about preparing the coffee ; while my host and myself sat quietly down under the tree.

"*Ma foi !*" said the peasant, "I have told the story often enough to all my neighbours, and yet my blood runs cold every time I think of it. You have seen the small vessels that come from the ports along the coast, Sir, with fruit and flowers?"

"Oh, yes, I have often seen them discharging their pretty cargoes."

"Well, Sir, I used to belong to one of those

little things, and made one or two voyages as far as Genoa. We were coming back from that place, and just put into Nice, to take some oranges on board ;—we were soon all ready again, and the wind came fair ; so one bright May morning we worked out of the bay, with a famous freight of fresh fruits and flowers, and our deck looked just like the garden of one of our *bastides* here. The wind, as it blew among our sails, seemed quite sweet ; and I plucked one of the almond-blossoms, and threw it upon the water. ‘ *Va,*’ said I, ‘ *va trouver Annette,* and tell her that I am coming.’ I was a young man then, Sir, and you know, perhaps, that we do many foolish things at that time.”

I said nothing—I could not ; but bowed my head in assent.

“ Well, Sir, on we went ; and our captain said, that the weather was so fine there was no use in creeping along the coast ; he should bear out to sea, and so get away to Marseilles ;

and you may be sure I did not object. So away we went, all sail hoisted, and Antibes soon looked like that white speck of a hut on the mountain yonder. It was a glorious sight, as the little ship floated along so easily upon the waves; and many a wistful look I cast towards the quarter that I thought Marseilles lay in; but I could see nothing except a light mist, that the captain told me was hovering about the coast. But, said he, we shall see the sun shining on the Catalan boats by to-morrow evening, and we shall, I hope, sail in with them. The night came on; we were all steady, as the captain said, and the stars were all out. We went down to bed; the man at the helm began to sing over my head one of the songs that are such favourites among the coasters, and I lay listening to him till I fell asleep."

"Do you happen to recollect it?" said I.

"I will try," replied Louis, and considering a little, he began the song, the original of which

I have lost, though I preserved the following translation of it :—

My comrades all have said good night,
But the helmsman's heart with hope is light,
For he must see, while alone he wakes,
Our Lady's Fort as the daylight breaks.

My comrades all have said good night ;
But the stars are shining still and bright,
And the flowers that stand around my feet,
As gentlest hours of sleep, are sweet.

My comrades all have said good night ;
But our vessel holds her course aright,
And long ere next the sun be set
They 'll see her from the high Tourette.

“ I don't know how long I had slept, but I was awakened by a terrible bustle over head. The morning was just breaking, and I got up, and went upon deck ;—*par la Sainte Baume!* I trem-

ble even now at the thought, there was a large ship coming right down upon our vessel, with all her sail set, and bristling and foaming upon the waves like a great fish. There was a mist hovering about us, so that I could not distinguish her deck ; but I heard some strange shouts, and our captain ran about like a madman : the man at the helm stood firm, and tried to take the wind of her, as the captain kept crying out ; but it was too late ; and in seven or eight minutes she was close up to us. Three or four men, in turbans, instantly jumped upon our deck, bellowing out, "*No paura, no paura,*" and began to grin and nod at us, as if we were old acquaintances. *Ma foi !* such acquaintances as those are none of the best. The rascals turned away our man from the helm, took out the fruit, and then hoisted us all up into their cursed black ship ; at one end of which the captain was sitting, an old man with a long white beard, and a large shawl tied round his neck ; a brace of pistols was stick-

ing in his breast. Our poor little boat they sent adrift. Our captain seemed to understand their jargon a little; and the old pirate laughed, and talked with him, and he told me afterwards, that he had been thanking us for our fruit and flowers, as he had one of his favourite ladies on board. Well, Sir, we prisoners were sent down into the hold, and there they kept us, feeding us with some black stuff, that I would not give to my mule; and there we stayed for six days, among the cables and blocks, and tormented by thirst: they only allowed us to come upon deck for half an hour. We did not much care about that, for those wretches got round us, and jabbered their gibberish, and seemed like evil spirits. *Mais allons, Annette, le café, le café*; and Annette came forth with it. The children, seeing the white sugar that had been produced for me, came stealing up, and peeped round from behind the trunk of the tree under which we were sitting. "*Ah! les polissons,*" said the father, "*viens*

ici, mon petit Louis, viens à ton grand père," and he took the youngest on his knee; who looked boldly up in his face, and at the same time possessed himself of a very respectable piece of sugar. "Oh! Louis, you spoil that child," said Annette. "Well, well, my wife, he is like his poor father, and I can't help fondling and indulging him. Our boy, Sir, was killed at Waterloo, and this is his son; there stands his sister;—here, Josephine, come and speak to the gentleman, and he will give you some sugar too." The girl came slowly up to me, and held out her hand, into which I put my sweet donation, and off she ran to display it, I suppose, to some less fortunate companion. Our coffee was excellent; and as we sipped it, Louis continued his story.

CHAPTER XVIII.

“ WELL, Sir, there we lay—the captain, the other man, and myself, melancholy enough, and wishing for some lucky Levanter, that might set the pirates at their wit’s ends, and perhaps give us a chance of working the ship, as the captain said ;—but the infidels had the upper hand of us that time ; and though we all prayed and told our beads, the Virgin had a mind to make us taste of slavery ; and if, as they tell me, our good King Saint Louis was in the same plight, why, I don’t know that we had any right to complain. On the sixth morning we heard a desperate howling and yelling over head ; and one of the black dogs called to us into the hold, and told us to come on deck and see Algiers, ‘ *Veni can d’infidel, veni, ecco la Algieri.*’ I have remembered the

words ever since, for the Captain crossed himself and said, 'The Holy Saints have mercy upon us now!' Up we went upon deck, and there, sure enough, was that devilish purgatory straight before us.—Did you ever see Villa Franca beyond Nice from the sea, Sir?"

"Never," said I.

"When I first looked towards the land, my heart beat, and I thought that it was all a dream, and that I was just off that place; there were the green banks to the right, and the high rocks behind, and a fort up to the left, that might have been the castle of Montalbano, and the lighthouse and the mole just as they are at Franca; but, then, there were two or three odd-looking towers, just like those large oil-flasks you see yonder; and the sun glittered upon something else there, that looked like the moon when she has a mind to be leaving us. And sure enough it was no dream; for when we got into the harbour, instead of the pretty-look-

ing peasants that used to come, with their black silk nets twining among their hair, and buy our gay flowers, there was nothing but a parcel of savage black men in turbans, and some sad pale fellows in chains, that looked like galley slaves, except that they were almost naked. And I whispered the Captain, that the Turks seemed to be like us in that respect, and did not cut off a poor man's life because he was unfortunate and guilty. The Captain turned his face upon me,—*pardi!* I see him now,—and said, with a deep groan, 'We shall be like them to-morrow, and perhaps worse,—they were once as we are.' My heart sunk as low as one of our wells, and I did not speak another word. And, indeed, I had no opportunity, for when we got close up to the mole, the boat was ordered out, and the old Jew of a Captain made us get into it, and away we went to the shore. When we landed, we were marched off directly along the dirty dismal streets, just like those in the old

town ; and we presently stopped at a house they said was the Dey's palace, and a dismal-looking place it was, with its small grated windows. But what do you think we saw directly before us at the entrance?—*Mon Dieu ! ça me fait mal au cœur même à présent. Voyons Annette, donne la goutte. Allons, Monsieur,* to your better health. *Bois, mon petit chat,*" said he to the child that was sitting upon his knee ; and the infant suspiciously sipped some of the hot liquid. — " We saw, Sir, three bleeding heads lying on the ground, and my foot slipped in some of the blood and brains that were spread about. Holy Saint Victor ! thy name be thanked for bringing me safe out of that tiger's den. The old Dey was sitting up in his room upon a cushion, smoking ; a parcel of pigeons were flying about him ; and, as we saw him through the window, he looked just like one of my goats there, with his beard and his fur tippet and the half moon that was stuck in front of his turban. They

made us kneel down in the mud, and make the salam, as they called it!—*Diable!* to kneel to an Infidel Satan like that!—I don't know what they said, but when we got up, we prisoners were all separated, and my poor captain led away by the man who had commanded the ship that took us. I and the other followed a man they called an Aga, and, as we went along, the malicious Moors did nothing but shriek in our ears, *schiavi! schiavi!* They should have known better, for they were all coming from their churches, as my companion told me, who had been there once before. Well, Sir, when we got to the Aga's house, he stripped off all our clothes, and put on some of the rags and remnants that had served for some other poor devils; and told us, in his *lingua franca*, that we might be thankful we had fallen to so good a master, for that, when his slaves offended him, he never gave them more than forty lashes! while every one else gave theirs fifty!

My shoulders began to tingle, and my companion looked very grave; but, as it was getting dark, we were sent away into a black hole of a place like a dog-stable, to sleep. Next morning, by daybreak, we heard a fellow shouting, *A trabajo, a trabajo can del Christian*; and the task-master came in with a long whip, and bade us get up. *Ma foi!* there was no alternative, so up we sprang; and all that day did we broil and blister in a hot Afric sun, with nothing but some black crust and water for our food. And when we faltered or flagged, crack, crack came the long whip about us, till our legs smarted again. My companion soon fell away, and looked as meagre as one of our cows here in Provence, that have no taste for shrubs and burnt grass. I was young and strong, and I thought of my dear Annette, and endeavoured to keep up my spirits; but when my work was done, and I had a little time to myself in the evening,

it was then I used to feel lonely and lost. I could see from my master's garden the sea and the little ships flitting along in the distance ; and when the weather was clear, I could see the opposite land. And I used to think, if I could once get over there, I would easily beg my way to Marseilles and Annette. But the cunning heretics watched us too close, and I might have sung, as they say one of our Troubadours used to do, when he was shut up somewhere in Germany I believe." The song to which the man alluded, I recollected to have before seen ; and having referred to it in the evening, I amused myself in translating it, as follows, as far as the sense and obscurity of the old language would admit. The metre is extraordinary ; as appears by the first stanza of the original.

Jà nul home près non dira sa razon
Adreitamen, se come hom doulen non
Mas per conort pot el faire canson
Prou ha d'amicz, ma paùre don li don
Honta y auran se por ma rehezon
Sony fach dos hivers prez.

Since he, who lies in binding bonds, his story cannot
tell,
To comfort him in this distress, and all his longing
quell,
I counsel, that he make a song, and try its soothing spell.
Now great will be your shame, my friends, your falsehood
dark as hell,
If thus, because, to ransom me, your lands ye will
not sell,
Two winters see my chains.

And let them think, my subjects all, my lords and barons
bold—
Those English, Norman, Gascon knights, who of me
fiefs do hold—
There's not a serf that I possess, but, if to bondage sold,
Could make his prison gates fly back, and pass forth free,
for gold.
I will not call my liegers false, yet, if the truth be told,
Two winters see my chains.

Alas ! the weary captive's heart hath neither friend nor
kin ;
They think not of his pining, as they sit their halls
within ;
The thought of that torments me more than all the
pangs of sin.
And should I die, thus far away from battle's glorious din,

What knight, on those who leave me thus, his faith again
could pin?—

Two winters here in chains.

Nor is it strange that thus I yield to dark depression's
sleep;

The King of France, with spear and brand, doth o'er my
fiefdoms sweep,

And break the peace that he hath sworn by Holy Rood
to keep:

And well I know, that many a Prince and King do hold
me cheap,

Since I have passed my weary days within this dungeon
deep,

Two winters thus in chains.

But, mark ye! fierce and haughty foes, whose hearts are
now so high,

Because that thus, in traitor bonds, King Richard now
doth lie,

When these long tedious hours of pain are past, that
make me sigh,

Ye'll see once more, and quail beneath the lion's fiery
eye.

Cheer up! my brother troubadours, though thus are
lingering by

Two winters o'er my chains.

Sister, Countess, listen well, it is not thee I blame,
And yet, because I kept thee safe from worldly suit and
claim,

My days are such as these.

No longer can I masses sing to Chartreuse Holy Dame.
La Mene Loeys.

To return to the peasant, "But I trust that you did not remain as long as poor Richard among those cruel gaolers of yours?" said I.

"You shall hear, Sir. I told you that my companion wasted and pined away, and he soon died, leaving me sad enough! Eight or nine months passed, or crawled on I might say, after his death, and I began to give up all hope and wish to follow him; when, one day, as I was sitting down near a well I had been sinking, and eating my black cake, who should I see coming towards me but one of the Fathers of our Holy Trinity, that are all now dead or scattered, God knows where! You that are in a foreign country will understand, Sir, what

I felt when I saw him,—I fell at his feet and wept. The good father raised me, and told me to be comforted; ‘Thou art free, my son!’ said he, ‘thy ransom is paid, and thou wilt, ere many days be past, see thy friends.’ You may imagine, Sir, that I was happy, and too happy to speak, for I looked at the good man, unable to utter a word for joy: and when, at length, I did speak, I said nothing intelligible. The kind friar bade me be tranquil and compose myself. Well, Sir, I followed him to the quay, and there were a number of other happy creatures like myself, singing and shouting, *La patrie! La patrie!* and we all embarked; and many a curse did we bestow upon the wicked place as we left it. But we kept our chains, and said that we would not pull them off, till we had shown to the city the dreadful state to which its Christian natives are often reduced. And merry and gay we were, and we made the ship ring again with our vintage songs. I thought that

the good Fathers of the Trinity had paid my ransom, as they were used to do every year, till they were all turned adrift—poor Saints! But the others told me that they had heard the Consul talking to the friar about me, and that he had said, ‘that though the money was in his hands, yet the friar had better seem to pay it among that for the rest. It was an odd story, and I could scarcely believe it; since, if that troubadour king could not find friends to ransom him, how was I, that had nobody but my betrothed Annette? And impatient enough I was to have it all cleared up. We had a glorious passage; and when we saw the old mountain of *La Victoire*, I thought that the tunny-fish would be all frightened away by the shout that we set up. They made us perform quarantine for a few days; but we were all right, and we sailed straight up to the quay, close to the *Hôtel de Ville*. They had been expecting us, and the windows were all

hung with flowers and silks; and the rest of the Holy Brothers were all there, with their Abbot; and as we cast anchor, the little boy, that carried the bright silver cross before the monks, raised it aloft, and all the people that were standing about threw up their caps, and the bells tolled, and the Abbot blessed us. When we landed, they made us march two and two, with our chains, and as we went up the *Canebiere*, we pointed to the marks which the long whips of those African imps had made; and the ladies waved their white hands, and threw roses upon us, and came and took off our chains. But all that did not satisfy me; I was looking about for Annette, and, sure enough, I saw her standing under the trees of the *Cours*, just as we reached it, and weeping. I could not bear the sight, and stay where I was, so I darted out of the procession and rushed up to her. She knew me directly, and giving a loud shriek, fainted in my arms. I had my chains still about my hands, and as I

put them round her, I thought that if she had been always with me, I should not have so much cared to have worn them longer. But a kind lady came and took them off, and sprinkled my Annette's face with sweet water, and she opened her eyes, and flung her arms round my neck, and sobbed for joy. And all the people seemed as delighted as ourselves; for the men had tears in their eyes, and blessed us as they passed. But when I looked again at my Annette, my heart smote me, she was so pale and thin, and her clothes were worn and old, and her hands blistered; and I said to her, My Annette, my dear Annette, what! have you been a slave too? you look as wan and weak as myself."

"Oh! Louis," said she.

"Ay, ay, *ma femme*," said the man to his wife, who had stolen up from the door, and was listening behind the tree, "we are talking

about you, and listeners hear no good of themselves."

"*Eh bien ! mon homme*, say what you will about me, for you ought to know me well after thirty years' acquaintance, and I am not afraid of you."

"Ah, no," said Louis to me, "she has no reason, indeed, for she knows that I love her as well as my preserver from the Turks. Why, Sir, she used to labour day after day, in one of the little boats that you may have seen plying about the harbour, in hope of scraping together something for me; but she would have worked long enough ere she could have got sufficient to content those greedy, griping sharks. But the Virgin protected her, Sir, as I always tell her, and made her labour profitable. Come here, *ma femme*, and tell your own story. Here, bring your wheel and your stocking, and let us have a few of our sweetest grapes that are

hanging up near the chimney." The wheel and the grapes were brought, and Annette sat down, while the little boy, who had been for some time impatient of his thralldom upon the knee of his grandfather, (who seemed like others to have acquired a taste for confining others, by having been confined himself,) now crept down, and began to make sad confusion among the ball of flax which was upon the ground. "*Reste tranquille donc, mon piccion,*" said his grandmother. "*Je vais conter une histoire ;*" and the child, cheated into a belief that the *histoire* was to be one of fairies and fine castles, sat himself down quietly among the leaves of the tree that had been blown down by the recent attack of the *Mistral*.

"My husband, there," said the French female peasant, "has made me tell my story so often, that I begin to be ashamed of it; and a gentleman, like you, I fear, won't find much to please you in it. When the news came of one of our coasters

having been robbed by the Pirates, and the men taken away for slaves, I was sitting with my mother in our little stall that we used to have near the Museum. ‘*Voilà une triste affaire,*’ said some of the other flower-women that were standing there, ‘some of the finest and first flowers and fruits all gone, not to mention the men. It is a shame that the king does not hang all those robbers.’ I was expecting my Louis home every day, and when I heard them talking so, I asked what they meant. ‘Why, one of our best coasters, the Emilie, has been sent adrift by the Algerines, who took good care to have all out of her that was worth any thing,—the poor fruits and flowers, and the men too.’ That was the name of my Louis’s ship; and I jumped up, and without saying any thing to my mother, who called after me in vain, away I ran down to the port, and there, sure enough, I saw the poor little vessel just brought in by one of the Catalans. Oh, Sir! what I felt then! and how I

wished that I were rich and great that I might give all I had to buy back my poor lover ; but it was of no use to wish, so what do you think I determined to do? Why, I will tell you, Sir. Said I to my mother, There now, I shall never be married, for the only man that I will have is taken by the Algerine pirates for a slave. ‘Nonsense,’ says my mother, ‘you’ll find plenty besides him; there’s Charles the porter, that you know always offers to carry our flowers from the port for nothing, and a kind-hearted fellow he is. *Dieu merci!* never be married!’ But my mother might say what she pleased, I was determined to have my own way. No! says I, no! no! *ma Mère*, I will never forsake dear Louis, that you know used to smuggle us in many a pretty thing from Genoa, made by the nuns there; so you may stay here to mind the flowers, and I shall go and try to earn some money by working in one of the little boats. Mayhap some kind Christians will pay me more than

the rest, when they know why I do it. So, Sir, I did so. And many a burning day I laboured; but every body laughed at me, and said I was a fool to make myself a galley-slave, because my lover was one. Yet, Sir, for all that, I went on, and I thought that I was doing the same thing as my Louis. Well, one day, there came a gentleman down to the quay, and told me to carry him over to the castle of St. John, that's close to the *belle Tourette*; and while we were crossing, he told me that I was too weak to work in that way; and asked me if I had no friends to get me a place in the city.— Oh, Sir, said I, the only friend I have, except my mother (and she can't do any thing for me), is a slave, and can't marry me now.”

“ Poor woman !” said the gentleman, “ and how long has he been so ?”

“ Oh ! about nine months, Sir; and may be nine years, unless God is pleased to do something for us, since I shall never be able to earn enough for

his ransom. 'Poor woman !' again said the gentleman, and so sweetly and mournfully; and as we had got to the other side, he gave me a crown, and went away. I put it with the rest I had saved, and kept on labouring, and every evening when I went home I hid my money; and my mother scolded me; and the porter Charles kept coming about the house;—but still I trusted in the Virgin, Sir, that always protects faithful hearts. But mine was heavy enough, as I saw the tenth month come, and no hope yet of buying Louis; and when I heard that the friars were gone to Barbary, to deliver as many of the slaves as they could, I used to pray every day up at our Lady's Chapel in the fort on the rock, and promise her a bouquet of roses and jasmin, if she would send my lover back. But they told me all the names of the men that the good religious had ransomed, and his was not there. So when they came back, I could not bear the sight; and I was standing as miserable as any

one could be, when whom should I see, but the very man I was crying about! Oh, Sir! I thought I should have died; and when I recovered, (for I fainted,) Louis and I went home to my mother's, and she seemed glad to see him, and we were married two days after. But we could not think who had paid the money for us, till I happened to think of the kind-spoken gentleman I had carried over the port a month before; and said I one day to my husband, I have it,—as sure as there's a true tear of our Saviour in the old church treasury, I know the good man that has done this for us. So I kept a good look-out for him, and one day I saw him coming along the Rue St. Ferreol, just as I was returning from the fruit-market, with some figs I had been buying. So I ran up to him, and fell down at his feet, and took his hands, and put them to my lips, and told him that God and the Saints would for ever bless him, here and hereafter, for his charity. But he seemed angry, and told me

that I had mistaken him for some one else, and broke away from me. But I was determined that I would find out the truth, and I spoke to Louis about it. 'Oh!' says he, 'I have a friend that lives with the banker that does all the business for Algiers; I'll ask him about it.' And so he did; and the clerk told him that a gentleman, describing the very same that I thought, had come to their house, and paid in the money for the ransom of a slave named Louis Faushet, then at Algiers. And a few days after I saw him again; but this time I would not be put away, and I wept bitterly, because he seemed so unwilling to speak to me. And the good Samaritan at last confessed what he had done, but told me to keep it a secret; and so I did; but it's almost the only one I ever kept."

"That 's true enough," said Louis.

"He used to give us money after, but he seemed very unhappy; and at last told us, one day, that he was going to live up at Saint Joseph,

in the hermitage there. And he soon went ; but made us happy and easy for life, with some of the money that he said was of no use to him, since he had lost every body he loved in the plague. My husband's uncle died soon after, and left us this house ; and here we have lived ever since. But we have had our troubles too ; for our boy was killed at Waterloo, and his wife soon followed him, leaving us these two little orphans. We try to make up their loss to them as well as we can ; but we are old, and must soon be taken from them like their own father and mother."

"Thank ye, my friends," said I, "for your story. Some other day I will come and pay you another visit ; but I must be hastening home."

I quitted the inn, and reached my house in about two hours. I then read for a considerable part of the night.

* * *

CHAPTER XIX.

February 10.—I have been for some days past a prey to all my former depression and despair, having no pleasure in any thing, not even in the affectionate fondling of my pupil. The snake within me is only scotched, not killed; and the whole bitterness and blankness of my fate at times come back upon me. At a period of life when man begins to look round upon the world with the eye of experience and understanding, when the boiling impetuosity of his very first youth subsides into the clear majestic current of confirmed manhood and rational direction, I am deprived, for ever deprived, of all the benefits which others derive from the remembrance of their faults, like the lawgiver of the Jews, who was shown from the top of Mount Pisgah

those lands flowing with milk and honey, which he was never to enter, though he had passed, like the rest, many a burning sand and stony desert. I remember when I came here, two years ago, after my extrication from the difficulties and distresses which then embarrassed me, I thought that I might still hope for future and better prospects, though the path of my life had commenced but roughly. The novelty of the country, the beauty of its climate, and the anticipation of again returning to my country, from whence my misfortunes had banished me, elevated and encouraged my spirits. I was younger, too, and the veil of delusion and dreamy delight had not been entirely cast aside from the sober realities of life. Fancy, with her fairy wand, still stood by me, and "Hope smiled and waved her golden hair," as the magic Palace of Enchantment glittered before my eyes. But all that is passed! Hope and Fancy are gone—Indifference and Despair remain! I now see all face to

face, not as through a glass, darkly. I may say with Spenser—

“ All is but feigned, and with ochre dyed,
That every shower will wash and wipe away ;
All things do change, that under heaven abide,
And after death, all friendship doth decay.
Therefore, whatever man bear'st worldly sway,
Living, on God, and on thyself rely :
For when thou diest, all shall with thee die.

* * *

February 14.—My pedestrian friend, who had, as he told me, become anxious about me, came up here yesterday. His conversation generally amuses me, and his manners and tastes correspond so much with my own, that I do not feel his presence as any intrusion upon my privacy. He again repeated his wish that I would accompany him to Nice, where he is shortly going; but I have given him no positive answer; I care so little for change of place, I have so little pleasure to expect from it, that

I would fain remain quiet. My friend perceiving that I was much depressed, said, "I am very sorry that you seem to be relaxing into your former uneasiness of mind; if you will allow me, I will continue the account of my pedestrian pilgrimage to Boulogne, which was my destined point; perhaps it may dissipate your melancholy for the present." His motive was good-natured, and therefore I acquiesced in his proposal; and after we had taken an early dinner of fruits and bread, which we both prefer, in this climate, to meat, thus imitating the natives, my friend continued his narrative in nearly the following words:

"You may remember that I had arrived at Lausanne, when I broke off in my account. I went to bed, as I told you, and the next morning was awakened by the *garçon d'écurie*, who brought me my shoes unusually shining and splendid. The man told me, that there was another English gentleman below, who had come in after

me. I got up and went down, and found him. We entered into conversation, and he informed me that he had been pedestrianising too, having come as far as Dijon, from Paris, in that manner. But he had since sprained his foot, had come to Lausanne with a *voiturier*, and was now calling hastily for a surgeon, as he fancied his foot had grown worse. The surgeon came, examined it, and recommended that he should bathe it in hot water, *dans de l'eau chaude*, and went away. But the Englishman was no Frenchman, and he made sad work of the *eau chaude* "*Je fust mettre mes pieds dans chaude eau dans une tube,*" said he to the servant, who appeared at his summons, and who stared at him in hopeless astonishment. I explained, however, to her what the gentleman wanted ; and the water was, I suppose, carried to his room, for away he limped.

I took my breakfast, and afterwards walked out. It was Sunday morning, and the Protestant population of Lausanne were all in motion, and hasten-

ing away to the cathedral. I followed them, plunging down the steep streets of the town, and then ascending again to an open square, where the church stands. I saw nothing to distinguish it particularly from others; it contained, however, one singular tomb, that of Felix Amadeus the Eighth, of Savoy, who was first a king, then a pope, and lastly, a simple individual.

In fourteen hundred and thirty-four, he abdicated his crown, and retired to the Priory of Ripaille, where he founded the chief Order of Savoy, Saint Maurice, which with that of the Annonciade of Piedmont, are the two principal orders of the Sardinian dominions. The origin of that of the Annonciade is singular, and might be compared to that of the Garter.

Amadeus, Sixth, surnamed the Count de Verd, was a gay and gallant prince, and probably often enlivened his warlike pursuits by dancing, as our Edward the Third, with the fair ladies of his

court; One of these, touched and delighted by the attentions of the graceful monarch, worked a bracelet for him with her own hair, and marked upon it as its device, the initials of four French words, denoting that both in love and arms the happy Amadeus would ever be successful. The gratified prince made the circumstance an occasion for establishing an order of knighthood; but, unlike our English king, he at once acknowledged in its title the favour which had been shown him, and called it *Les Lacs d'Amour*. But the pacific and pious Amadeus the Eighth was unwilling to retain a name which seemed to perpetuate the memory of some licentious intrigue of his ancestor, and by him the order of *Les Lacs d'Amour* was converted into that of the Annonciade.

Still, however, its origin was not entirely effaced, for the knightly badge consisted of a rich chain of gold, whose links were mingled with white and

red roses of enamel; but to counteract the impure ideas which the chain and the roses might have excited, the future Pope caused a golden image of the Annunciation to be suspended from the enamelled flowers.

Amadeus the Eighth died at Geneva, and was buried at Lausanne; perhaps, because he might consider its church holier than that of Geneva, since it is said to have possessed among its reliques one of the ribs of Mary Magdalen, and a rat that had eaten the Sacramental bread.

I had been so long absent from my country, and used to nothing but the mummary and showy imposition of the mass, that the simple and plain Calvinistic service was quite refreshing to me. It was like the unpretending conversation of a truly well-informed man after the pompous puffs and preaching of some would-be Solomon.

When I quitted the cathedral, I strolled to the terrace, from whence I had a view over the

lake, and a magnificent scene it was. The day was gloomy, but the sun still asserted his authority among the clouds that lay in immense masses above the lake. Clouds have often been compared to mountains, but the resemblance never struck me so forcibly as then; there they lay in wild terrific confusion, precipice and crag and yawning cavern, while, to complete the noble illusion, a long dark arch extended itself directly across the lake, taking the appearance of some gigantic Alpine bridge.

They were worthy rivals of their neighbours, the true mountains, which seemed to sink into nothing beside them;—and yet these were no mean ones. There were the rugged rocks, directly opposite, of *La Meillerie* hanging over the town, brown and threatening;—there was, to my left, the *dent de Jaman*, protruding its red tooth above the rest of the mountains

about it; and there was the commencement of the *Bernèse Alps*, or *diablerets*, as they are called in the country, rearing themselves up as if to look, like their inferior familiars, at the beautiful lake.

But there were other points of interest which lay around me, besides the magnificent one in front. There was the willow-tree in Gibbon's garden, where he had composed his glowing History, and glowing, indeed, it must have been with such a scene before him;—for the man of imagination and ardent mind will always write better and freer, and with more fervour, amidst the glories and beauties of Nature. Then there was *Beaulieu*, where Madame de Staël and her father had lived. The cathedral, with its singular tower, stood perched upon the highest part of the town, with the old turrets of the college beneath it, and the rich hills spread up above, covered with little *chalets*; a few peasants were

passing along, with their straw peaked hats; and I could have stayed where I was till night. But I was anxious to reach Vevay that day; and as my object in travelling was not to lounge about towns where I knew no one, and which presented nothing within themselves very remarkable, I returned to my hotel, and paying my bill, departed.

The road to Vevay lies along the lake, upon an elevated part of the shore. I cannot describe to you, in detail, all the villages I passed, and the number of miles I travelled before I reached that place. I went rambling on, with the green terraces of vines above, and the noble amphitheatre of the lake before me. A few boats were spread upon the waters, and I might have imagined one of them to contain Julie and Saint Preux in their excursion before the storm. I was upon the shores of the lake of Lemman, and was satisfied. I sought not to analyse the

properties of the soil, or speculate upon the altitude of the mountains, or the breadth of the water; it was all beautiful, and I felt, without wishing to know what I felt.

I arrived at Vevay towards evening. I went straight to the inn, which was somewhere below the church. Here I found that my *incognito* would serve me nothing, for the Swiss being themselves a pedestrian people, they never make any difference between a pedestrian and a man who travels in a carriage, provided he goes to the best inns. I was received with as much attention as I could desire, and a little more; and, after reposing myself for some time, I set forth, and mounted up to the church-yard of Vevay.

Whenever I arrive in a village or town, one of my first lions is that spot, where I have often experienced much more pleasure than if I had been toiling along gilded rooms or stately gardens:—the still silence which prevails, interrupted only by the tinkling of the sheep-bell;

the stones shining in the sun, some with their almost effaced histories, while others are fresh and black with the pride of new mortality; the simple grief of the peasant contrasted with the lengthy lamentation inscribed upon the loftier tomb; all these things afford, to me at least, ample room and range enough for passing many an hour.

But every one who professes to admire the grand scenes of Nature, must visit the churchyard of Vevay. When I reached it, the sun had just set; the evening was still, and the boats I had seen in the afternoon were slowly making their way towards Villeneuve. The lake was now shut in by high projecting points, and I seemed to have penetrated into all its secrets. Chillon, Clarens, looked white and silent, and some lights began to glimmer in the opposite little town of St. Gingoulph. Could I have had Rousseau for my companion at that moment, I should have been content—others

might have ridiculed my feelings. Then, just where the mountains, retreating on both sides, leave a chasm, through which the infant Rhône flows into the lake, rose up, Alp upon Alp, peak upon peak, the august glaciers of the *Valais*;—there they were, wrapped in their snowy mantles, standing and seeming to look at me. I declare to you, that the sight of those solemn forms, between which and me a great gulf was fixed, made me tremble. Had I known that amid their frightful depths some desperate deed of wickedness was then perpetrating, I could not have felt more dread than I did then in looking at them. And presently the calm moon came forth, and the shaggy mountains brightened, and the lake rolled in light, and the glaciers looked like the ghosts of the world, wan and misty.

I remained, I know not how long, enjoying this magnificent view, when I heard a noise close to me. I turned, and there stood a man,

who observed to me, that I seemed to admire the prospect. I replied, that I did indeed; and we began to talk about the town and its inhabitants, and the surrounding country. "We are very happy," said he, "our government is much liked, and we thrive well with our little trade in watches. We are much better off than we used to be under the *Bernois*, to whom this Canton formerly belonged; but in the Revolution we were made independent." And here, by the way, let me remark to you a circumstance which has always struck me as singular, and as at once demonstrating the vast effects of the French Revolution:—Upon the Continent, whenever I have conversed with persons concerning it, whether they were Italians, or Swiss, or Germans, or Dutch, it is sufficient if we say, in speaking of that terrible period, "*the* Revolution," which is at once understood, just as an inhabitant of Lisbon may be supposed to say "the Earthquake."

Continuing the conversation with the same person, I talked of General Ludlow, who is buried in the church of Vevay. The stern republican would not lay his bones in his own country, since there were kings within it again; but preferred the free soil of Switzerland, the country of William Tell, who had freed his country from tyranny, without becoming afterwards its oppressor. Ludlow came over to England to offer his services to William against James the Second, a curious instance of animosity towards the son of Charles the First; and not unlike the subsequent conduct of Moreau, who, though as determined a republican as the rest, united himself with the Allied Sovereigns, against his own country. I presently wished the person good night, and went to my inn.

Next morning, before leaving Vevay, I went once more to the church-yard, to take a farewell view of the lake I might never see again, and which, if I ever did, I might behold with other

and colder feelings. I might be old, or harassed by disease, and the enthusiasm of my youthful days would perhaps, and probably, be looked upon in the same contemptuous light with which others may regard it now. My favourite poet Beattie, in his *Minstrel*, alludes to this melancholy change in our tastes.

Yet, at the darken'd age, the wither'd face,
Or hoary hair, I never will repine;
But spare, O Time! whate'er of mental grace,
Of candour, love, or sympathy divine,
Whate'er of fancy's ray, or friendship's flame is mine.

I continued my route towards Friburg, ascending the deep gorge at the entrance of which Vevay is placed. I will not fatigue your attention by recounting to you all that occurred to me, in detail, during the rest of my journey.

The remembrance of that ramble is even now fresh and delightful to my mind; but the rela-

tion of it might be tedious to others, who may, perhaps, not see things in the same way as myself. The singular town of Friburg, half French, half German, with its rocks, banks, and its romantic river; the Spanish-looking Berne, with its long colonnaded street and its terrace, from whence the magnificent chain of the German Alps is distinctly seen, with the towering *Yung Frau*, like some mighty Amazon Queen; and the graceful cap of the *Bernoise* women, looking like a dark airy butterfly spreading its filmy wings above their heads.

But let me not forget to mention the worthy host at the *Abbaye des Gentilhommes*, where I lodged. He is indefatigable in his attention, and persons who travel like myself, should always go to his house. The sounding title need not affright them, for the charges are very moderate, and there is no other house in *Berne* where a person, who wishes to be re-

spectably, and at the same time moderately lodged, can go.

The next canton to Berne is Soleure, a Catholic one, and the difference was striking; beggars and bigotry staring you in the face in every street. Then came Basle, the capital of which I reached after crossing a part of the Jura, called the Ober Hauenstein, which separates the ancient bishoprick from Switzerland.

There is a curious legend attached to a clock upon the bridge at Basle, which is always half an hour too fast. Some plot had been laid against the city, and a body of armed men were to have been admitted at a certain hour of the night; but the plot was discovered. This clock, which was to give the signal of attack, happened to be half an hour too fast, and the party, that was to have been silently admitted, having shewn itself before the appointed time, was observed, and baffled.

From Basle .I passed on to Strasburgh, and Baden, buried in woods and rocks, and teeming with gay company and baths, with its castle perched upon the green cliffs above. Within this castle there was once a terrible dungeon, deep and dark, called the Virgin's Embrace; above it was a trap-door, upon which if any one stepped, he fell instantly down into the deadly gulf. Some years ago a dog had fallen in, and in extricating him, remnants of clothes and bones, and instruments of torture, were found.

From Baden, where neither my health nor my finances required me to stay, since the former was good, but the latter rather ailing, I continued my walk by Rastadt, a small city where there is a great brick palace belonging to the Duke of Baden, in which, I believe, he never resides. From thence I proceeded to Carlsruhe, which is a beautiful little toy of a capital. The streets are all straight as arrows, and in their disposition not unlike those of Nancy, in Lorraine.

There is a very handsome royal château, and some pretty gardens, to which, they told me, the Grand Duke himself paid particular attention. The court was not then there, and I felt no great curiosity to see the palace.

Shortly after quitting Carlsruhe, the following morning, in my way to Heidelberg, I was overtaken by a female peasant, who asked me her way to that place. I had begun to acquire some little acquaintance with the German language, but not enough to pass for a German ; so she discovered by my stammering, that I was a foreigner. She made out, however, that I was going to Heidelberg, and seemed disposed that we should continue our route together. She insisted on carrying a small packet which I had in my hand, and which had replaced the defunct knapsack. So on we trudged, conversing in German, God knows how ! and I thought that my friends in England would smile a little, if they could see me thus attended. She was an excellent walker, and

when we reached Bruchsal, she told me that she was going to a friend's to breakfast, and would wait for me.

I had begun to be rather annoyed by the acquaintance I had formed, as I saw one or two persons smile, rather sarcastically I thought, as they passed us; so I went to an inn, determining, after my breakfast, to cut her, as they say. I procured my bread and milk, and after paying very moderately, I proceeded; but, to my great displeasure, I saw my friend waiting for me at some distance, beyond the town.

I was determined, however, to break off this singular connexion; and when I reached her, told her, rather abruptly, that she had better hasten on, for that I meant to linger along the road, and should probably not reach Heidelberg till late. She seemed very unwilling to go, but at last she did, casting occasionally some kind looks at me, as she gradually disappeared.

I mention this circumstance to you to show that the pedestrian is in the way of meeting with infinitely more novel circumstances, than could ever possibly happen to the rich traveller in carriages. I reached Heidelberg in the afternoon, and proceeded to the inn I think they call the *Cour de Bade*. I dined at the *table d'hôte*, and there I was myself again, for I found persons who spoke French. After dinner I mounted the rock, upon which the ruins of the old Palatine Castle stand in green and beautiful decay.

Passing along the corn-market, and ascending by a path winding gently up the mountain, I arrived at these charming ruins; and from among them enjoyed a magnificent view of the Neckar, that was coming down from among the rich vine-clothed hills of the valley, to pay its tribute to the mighty Rhine.

The beautiful bridge that unites the two banks was covered with peasants, who were hastening away to some village *fête*; and beyond

it, far away in the horizon, were the wide shores that border the Rhine before its retreat into the dark mountain of Bingen, bounded by the blue Vosges mountains, which stretch into the old bishoprick of Spire from Alsace.

I entered the ruins by the gate of Elizabeth, which takes its name from the unfortunate daughter of James the First, who, like the rest of her line, was fated to know all the miseries of de-throned royalty.

A beautiful terrace, planted with flowers and trees, first presents itself; and a large tower, in which were two niches, containing the colossal and ivy-covered statues of two of the old Princes Palatine, of Louis the Pacific, and of the unhappy Frederick, who might have been named the sufferer, wandering, as he did, with his wife in almost beggary.

I rambled over the ruins till evening, and supped there; for I found that a family had taken up their abode in a part of them, and I

procured some delicious milk, that was brought out from the cool vaults of the castle. As I sat amid the turrets and mouldering halls, I reflected upon the very different scenes that probably presented themselves there, before the scythe of time and of war had swept over the now desolate pavements. The fair Elizabeth had, perhaps, presided at the costly banquet that had glittered within the hall of knights, whose rich front I could see from my seat, little thinking that she would ever be compelled to ask assistance from her father, and be denied it; and still less, that the arch and banner, which spread above her, would be as now they are.

Instead of the dance and the song and the tournament, that had oft been held within the Ducal Castle, there were now but the low murmuring of the Neckar, the warbling of the birds that seemed to rejoice amid the ruins, and the monotonous humming of the wheel, as the woman who had given me the milk, sat

spinning. The reflections which thus arose within me, I ventured to throw into verse, and if you will listen to them as a friend, and not a critic, I will repeat them." I said, "I am not one of the '*Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur*;' pray let me hear them;" and he went on:—

Ye that hither come to gaze
On the pomp of vanish'd days,
Think that once these halls were gay,
Where the long grass waves to-day;
Where the bird hath made her nest
Many an eye hath sunk to rest;
Many a maid from turret height
Hath look'd for her long-delaying knight;
And the trumpet hath sounded, and call'd to the list,
And the warrior his gauntlet to beauty hath kiss'd;
And the harper the chords of enchantment hath swept,
And a queen, at the ballad of sorrow, hath wept;
And the dance hath resounded, and minstrels have sung,
But mute is their melody, silent their tongue!—

And the queen and her grandeur are low in the grave ;
And where men ever revell'd, the trees ever wave ;
Then remember that ye will be passing away,
And forget not to-morrow the scene of to-day.

As I was returning through the garden, I saw in a small retired spot, almost concealed by the trees and ruins, a tea-table set out with all its appurtenances, as the lawyers would say, and looking just like the preparation for the same feast in our country. The Germans, indeed, resemble the English very much in their habits of living ; being as opposite to the French as ourselves in the chief customs of society. Instead of all the machinery of French dishes, they have generally plain solid food like ourselves ; the higher families may live, perhaps, in the French style, as is the case in England ; but it is not among the higher classes of a country that the true national tastes and manners are to be sought for. We

must look for them where affectation and excessive refinement have not reached, as we must dig deep beneath the surface of an artificial garden to discover the true nature of the soil.

CHAPTER XX.

It was in the evening, continued my friend, that I was nearly involved in the dispute which I have before mentioned to you, with one of the illustrious students of Heidelberg. This University is, I believe, the most ancient in Germany. It was founded, I understand, by Robert, the first Count Palatine of the Rhine; and its regulations somewhat resemble those of our Universities. The Grand Duke of Baden, to whom the Palatinate now belongs, is the Rector. The direction of the University is intrusted to a Council and a Senate. The first is composed only of five or six persons, and the other, of all the Professors. Then there are Professors who are appointed to superintend the morals of

the students, resembling in some degree our Proctors ; and a Bailiff, who has the same municipal authority as the Vice-Chancellors of the respective Universities.

Quitting Heidelberg, I continued my route by Darmstadt, with its musical Duke, and Frankfurt, with its unmusical merchants, to Mayence, where I arrived upon the third day. There I proposed embarking myself, and going down the Rhine as far as Cologne.

Mayence is an old city, and contains an old cathedral ; it is famous for hams, and that is all I can tell you about it, except a curious story of one of its Bishops. He was originally the son of a carter, and used to drive his father's team. By the turns of the *wheel* he became Archbishop of Mayence ; and in order to perpetuate the memory of his origin, he took for his arms two cart-wheels, which are even now the arms of the city.

We left Mayence early in the morning, and glided slowly along between the flat banks, where the river seems making an orderly retreat into the dark fastnesses. We passed Hockheim, of which I need say nothing, as you of course have heard of the wines which take their name from it; and gradually floated on till the dark rocks of Bingen seemed opening to receive us.

We swept by the rippling whirlpool, and the gloomy tower of Hatton, to which is attached a singular legend. An Abbot of Hatton, who became afterwards Archbishop of Mayence, had, they say, in a great famine, refused assistance to his hungry diocesans; and when they came about his palace, he would laugh, and exclaim, "Hark, how the rats squeak!" But vengeance was to overtake him! For, some time after, like the king whose miseries made Whittington's fortune,

his palace became infested with rats to such a degree, that he was obliged to fly from it, and build the tower which lies below Bingen. There, however, he found no refuge; for the rats pursued him, scaled his castle-walls, and devoured him alive! His spirit is said to appear occasionally upon the tower, in a mist.

You have doubtless read descriptions of the noble scenery of the Rhine, both in poetry and prose. Whatever you have read must convey a very inadequate idea of its real beauty, which may be truly called by a name which is so often used unintelligibly—*Romantic*.

The Genius of Romance seems to brood over the dark defile, surrounded by her ruinous towers and arches, and spirit-haunted hills. Every vine-clad rock has its legend; and the boatman, as we drove down with the fleet current, sung me the following song, which I have written down, and which I will read to you. It is

founded on a legend attached to an old castle on the borders of the Rhingau, called Lorch. Its Baron was very avaricious, and one night refused admittance to an old man, who had requested it, during a storm. The old man was, (so says the legend,) in truth, a spirit, and in revenge spirited away the Baron's daughter up to a high cliff called Kedrick, perfectly inaccessible. A young Knight, who dwelt near, undertook to deliver her; but was returning in despair from the perpendicular precipice, when he was accosted by an old woman, who gave him a little bell, and told him to go to a cavern in the wood, where her brother lived, and say that she sent him for a ladder as high as the Kedrick. The Knight obtained the ladder, and subsequently the lady. The boatman gave to his tale the name of

THE DEVIL'S LADDER.

Now list to my story, now list to my song,
As our bark it glides merrily down ;
And when I have done, for it's passably long,
We shall anchor at Bacharach town.

The Lords of the Rhingau are wealthy and great,
And their castles are lofty and bright ;
And they live, as they should, in their princely estate,
And their halls are a glorious sight.

For the Heidelberg tun could never contain
The wine that flows merrily there ;
And the dainty wild boar, that the hunters have slain,
Will give each happy vassal his share.

But the Baron of Lorch is a cross-grain'd churl,
And his heart is as cold as his hall ;
For though he's as rich as the Nassau Earl,
His cheer is the worst of all.

Now list to my story, now list to my song,
As our bark it glides merrily down ;
And when I have done, for it's passably long,
We shall anchor at Bacharach town.

The winds they did howl, and the trees they did rock,
And the night it was dismal and wild;
And the Abbot of Hatton, by Binger Loch,
Looked over the whirlpool and smiled;—

The winds they did howl, and the trees they did rock,
And the Baron of Lorch he said,
Now who is the fool that so loud doth knock?
May the thunderbolt fall on his head!

And the Baron he look'd through the wicket gate,
And he thought to have seen a Knight;
But a little old man on the ground there sate,
With a beard both long and white;—

And the little white man he moan'd and he wept,
And his face it was wrinkled and old;
And the wind, as it whistled and over him swept,
Made him shiver and shake with the cold.

“Now open, now open, my Baron, so good,”
The poor old man then said,
“And give me some warmth, and some kindly food,
Or ere morning I shall be dead.”

But the Baron was vex'd that his sleep was broke,
And thus in wrath he cried :
" You may sleep in your beard, it will serve for a-cloak,
And many, your betters, have died."

Then the little old man he grinn'd and he frown'd,
And his eyes they grew terribly bright,
And he mutter'd, as slowly he rose from the ground,
" You shall pay for your insolent spite!"

The vines they are fresh in the morning air,
And the birds they do sing so sweet,
And the board is spread with the scanty fare,
And the Baron hath taken his seat.

But his daughter, and eke his only child,
Obeys not the castle-bell's peal ;
And the Baron in mirth and in mockery smiled,
As he finish'd the whole of the meal.

But the day wears on, and the sun is high,
And Imogen still delays,
And her father begins to wonder why
In her chamber so long she stays.

And loudly he calls, "Come, linger no more!"
As he stands on the castle-stair;
And quickly he mounts to her chamber door,
But Imogen is not there.

And the day wears on, and the sun is set,
And the mountains are blue and still,
But Imogen's step delayeth yet—
And long delay it will.

For the peasants have told to the Baron their tale:
How, as day began to break,
They had seen what had made their cheeks turn pale,
And their limbs with dread to quake:—

In his wither'd arms, a little old man
A fair young girl did bear;
And up the Kedrick's cliff he ran,
As if it had been a stair.

Then the Baron his forehead in terror cross'd,
And thus, appall'd, he said,
"Now Christ be good, or my daughter's lost!
'Twas the Spirit of Kedrick's head."

And many a weary day and night
Did the desolate father pass ;
And his altar with many a lamp was bright,
And his priests said many a mass.

The song was so long, continued my friend,
that I only wrote down the most material parts.
Ruthelm, the Knight, returns from battle ;
hears of the disappearance of the Baron's daughter,
and hastens to her rescue. In this he is assisted
by the old Fairy, who sends him to the carpenter,
her relation, for a ladder as high as the mountain
where the damsel is detained.

Then his horn the little old carpenter blew,
That echoed the woods among,
And straight a wild and a dwarfish crew
Around began to throng.

And each little Imp had a saw and an axe,
Such as carpenters use, but much less ;
And they look'd, as they straighten'd and set up their
backs,
Like mice in a masquerade dress.

Then the carpenter master he said to the knight,
 " Hie away to your home and your bed !
But be sure that you come by the first day-light
 To the foot of old Kedrick Head."

And Ruthelm is sitting his castle within,
 But he watches till morning appears ;
For his heart is awake, and the hammering din
 Of the carpenters rings in his ears.

But soon as the stars began to go out,
 And the rooks began to caw,
He heard no more of the carpenter rout,
 And still was every saw.

And quick to old Kedrick's Head he hath leapt,
 And there stood a ladder as tall
As the ladder which Jacob saw when he slept,
 That is painted on our church-wall.

Then up young Ruthelm nimbly did creep,
 And soon the top did reach,
And there amid flowers and silk did sleep
 A maid, like a Dresden peach.

And Ruthelm bends down to her cheek, and sighs,
And his breath it was burning, sure,
For the maiden hath open'd her deep-blue eyes,
And their beams he could scarce endure.

But a little old man on a sudden appear'd,
And he frown'd upon the knight,
And he mutter'd, " Who is it that thus hath dared
To scale my castle's height ? "

Then Ruthelm low to the earth did bend,
And the story he faithfully told,
How the little old dwarf to the wood did him send,
And made his hands so bold.

Then the little old man he laugh'd, with a wink,
And he said, with a cunning grin,
" Ho ! ho ! my fine Sir, you are modest, I think,—
You must labour before you can win.

" Go back, my young spark, since your love is so fast,
By the way you so nimbly have come ;
" And ere the last steps of the ladder you 've past
Your bride shall be safe in her home."

And the little old man his promise hath kept,
For safe in her home is the bride ;
And the Baron, that long in his hopelessness wept,
Hath forgot all his sorrow and pride.

And the old castle rings with the shouts of the cooks,
And there's plenty of Bacharach wine ;
And the dainty young bride, in her white veil, looks
As soft and as *stattlich* as mine.

Now there is my story, now there is my song,
And our bark hath gone merrily down,—
'Tis as well I have done, as 'twas passably long,
For we anchor at Bacharach town.

Bacharach, where we stopped to dine, is a remarkable town. Its name would seem to denote a place peculiar for its excellent wines, if it be indeed a corruption, as some assert, of Arra Bacchi ; but that reputation is much past by, and it must be content with being one of the most beautifully situated of the Rhenish bourgs. Its ancient walls spread along the banks of the river, high mountains rise up be-

hind it, and upon one of the lower heights, stand the ruins of the fief of Staleck. Close to it are those of the old church of Saint Werner, which was consecrated to an infant martyr, whom the Jews murdered, and cast into the Rhine, but who floated upon its surface against the current as far as Bacharach.

The view from Staleck is noble: the river seems to have just escaped from its defile, and spreads itself wider and slower, before forming another of those magic bends which suddenly display to the delighted eye fresh beauties of rock and vine, and frequent feudal towers, where "ruin greenly dwells." A small island lay in the middle, a short distance below Bacharach, with its little church, and a huge dark cliff projected itself into the water just opposite. After enjoying this prospect for some time, I descended: our boat was ready, and we proceeded on our course. But why should I fatigue you with a long detail of places which

you never saw, and the beauty of which, it is impossible for you to conceive from my description? Echoing rocks with their Siren legends, white whirlpools, majestic vine-covered heights, monasteries and towers, and old towns and cathedrals, crowning the wild and wooded banks; the castled crag of Drackenfels looking out upon the wide ocean-like plains of the low countries, and the shattered Ehrenbreitstein emulating its baronial and decaying neighbours in untimely ruin.

“ But peace destroy'd what war could never blight.”

The river, after Bonn, becomes stale, flat, and unprofitable, like some poet, who, in his younger and more romantic days, teems with noble and sublime images, but gradually subsides into tameness and sluggishness. I followed its course, however, as far as Cologne, where I saw the famous picture of the Crucifixion of St. Peter, with the head downwards. It is

one that made me shudder, and almost feel giddy. The intense torture that such a death must produce, is starting and swelling in every vein of the countenance.

I had always thought, till, from the inquiries I made upon the subject, I found my mistake, that Cologne had been under the dominion formerly of the Elector of that name; but it would appear that his authority was as much contemned and resisted by its inhabitants, as that of the Bishop of Liege was by the fierce Liegeois. The Elector's palace and residence was at Bonn, about six leagues from Cologne; and, in spite of his struggles to obtain political influence within the city, I believe he never succeeded.

Cologne is a large ancient place, and is well known by its legend of the Eleven Thousand Virgins. I quitted it the same day I arrived there, and continued my route by Juliers and Aix-la-Chapelle, and the huge city of Liege, where I was surprised to see vines.

I directed my course towards Brussels; but my old failing began now to beset me,—my funds tottered, and my shoes signified their fatigue to me by sundry gapings and yawns. I had expected that they would both have lasted me out to Brussels; but, like faithless friends, they were now evidently become less warm and bountiful. I wrote, therefore, to Boulogne, where I had a credit, and requested that some money might be sent to me to Brussels. I then furnished myself with a pair of shoes, quitting the others with as much regret as ever afflicted any antiquary at the loss of his most precious relique; and continued my journey in tranquillity, till within a short distance of Brussels. Then, recollecting the old maxim,—when you have no money never seem to have none, but assume a rich and important air,—I determined upon putting myself into the diligence, and entering Brussels in state; because my finances were in that condition, that as some days must elapse before

my remittance could arrive, I should be obliged to live at an inn, without thinking of the bill. I therefore, Machiavel like, concluded that, by seeming to arrive in the diligence, I should blind every body as to the real condition of my purse, and be a *gentilhomme qui voyageoit pour son plaisir*, and wished to pass a few days in the city where he had friends.

When I arrived at Brussels, I proceeded directly to a neighbouring inn, and though my appearance was not very splendid, and my baggage slight, yet I hoped, as coming by the diligence, that the people of the house would not suspect the state of my finances.

I was received very well ; and after depositing my effects in my room, I descended to my dinner, which I had ordered. I finished it and the best part of a bottle of wine, and strolled afterwards about the town : I had been there before, so, as there was nothing particularly interesting to me in it, I returned and went to bed. Next

morning, after breakfast, as I was lounging out of the court-yard of the inn, the waiter presented himself civilly enough, and presented the bill, stating that it was customary for persons who had little baggage, to pay daily for what they had eaten. I felt myself turn pale ; but, determined to put as good a face upon the matter as I could, I marched into the house, and summoned the landlord. When he appeared, I expressed my surprise at this extraordinary mode of treating persons in his house. But the man was not to be daunted : he replied, “ that he had lost a great deal of money lately by my countrymen,—*proh pudor !* and that he had determined to be more cautious in future.” There was now no parrying the adventure :—so, taking out all the silver that I had left, and which did not quite meet the amount of the bill, I said, “ the money I had expected to find here awaiting me has not arrived, consequently I am unable to discharge your account entirely.” “ Ho ! ho ! ”

said the innkeeper, as if all his worst suspicions were at once confirmed, "it's just as I thought;—this comes of your pedestrian travellers;" for he had some how discovered my diligence plot. "John," speaking to the waiter, "go up stairs and bring down the gentleman's baggage," laying a particular and sarcastic stress upon the latter word. John departed, and returned bearing my two shirts, my guide-book, my razors, my journal, and two or three other trifles. The innkeeper laid his hand upon them, and said, "These I shall keep as pledges, for the payment of the rest of your account." I made him no reply, but immediately quitted the house, with nothing in my pocket except a collection of Views in Switzerland, that I had luckily put there before.

My situation was singular: I was a perfect stranger in a foreign city, without the only useful passport, money. I wandered about the whole of the day, and towards evening contrived

to dispose of my Swiss Views to a print-seller, for a small sum, with which I hoped to hold out till my money arrived. I passed the night in a small inn, and the next day breakfasted there. The people of the house were, notwithstanding the indifference of my toilet, extremely respectful to me; and the woman, I recollect, would insist that I had only come there by way of a frolic, and that I was *somebody*. She did not, however, give me any *credit* for my quality, as I was obliged punctually to pay for all I had, before quitting the house.

Three days more passed in this way. I was obliged to give up my breakfasts of coffee, as the delay about my money was so extraordinary, that I began to fear it had miscarried, and that the term of my perplexities would be indefinite: and at last, the night preceding its arrival, I was obliged to give up my bed, and I passed the night in roaming about the city, and, when it came on to rain, sheltered myself beneath the

porch of the church, in the Place Royale, from whence I could see the windows of the Hotel Bellevue, where a year before I had lodged *comme un Seigneur*. Yet amidst the cold and rain that were about me, I thought of Waterloo, and murmured not. I thought of the night when so many of my brave and useful countrymen were "mounting in hot haste," and called away from beauty and music to slaughter and hardship! Was I then to complain of my paltry inconveniences, when the rich and titled soldier had suffered far worse? To be sure, I had not the rich banks of the *Saône* to sleep among, nor the nightingale's song to while away the night; but I was young and healthy, and the next morning was myself, that is to say, *le Gentil-homme* again.

I proceeded on directly to Boulogne, where I arrived on the second day. I had friends there, having stayed a few days in that town before; so I proceeded to my old quarters, the house of a

very respectable and worthy Bourgeois, where I boarded. They were all happy to see me, and the recital of my past miseries made them smile. I then set forth to search for a friend who I knew resided in the town; and making inquiry of a Frenchman who was standing near the custom-house, he civilly informed me that my friend was at the *Hôtel d'Angleterre*. Straightway I proceeded into the *Rue de l'Ecu*, which is the longest street, leading down to the harbour; and entering the court-yard of the *Hôtel d'Angleterre*, *tenue par veuve Parker*, I asked for my friend. He was not there, and never had been. What could this mean? I quitted the house, and seeing the same Frenchman again, I repeated to him my question, but he still persisted in his account. It was very strange that this man should be so positive; and I was going back to the *Veuve Parker*, when an Englishman passed me accompanied by two men, that I concluded to be commissioners, conducting him to his

hotel. As they passed, I saw two or three Frenchmen smile, and heard them say, "*Ma foi ! l'autre Hôtel d'Angleterre va bien maintenant, voilà une nouvelle arrivée.*" Ho ! ho ! said I to myself, we are quite safe. The *Veuve* Parker, it seems, has an opponent, there's the secret ; and I followed the three persons. The new arrival I concluded to be an arrival of consequence, for every body, as he passed, turned round to look at him. It was, perhaps, our Ambassador, who wished to patronize the new hotel. Its situation however seemed inconvenient, as we were ascending to the higher town, which stands upon a steep eminence, and is surrounded with ramparts. But as the noblesse and better families were supposed to reside there, the new hotel, probably, was under their protection. We continued to ascend ; and after passing through the old gate and across some streets, we stopped at a long wall, and close to a wooden door. It was a singular position for an inn, but as the

noblesse like to live in houses shut in by walls, I concluded that the inn had been built upon the same plan. A sentinel stood near the door, out of respect, perhaps, to the distinguished individual I was following. One of the men knocked at the door, which was immediately opened by a little dark man that somehow looked very unlike a waiter, and the three persons entered. I was proceeding to follow them, when I was stopped by the little dark waiter, as still he must be, I thought, and asked whom I wanted. I mentioned my friend's name, and was directly admitted into a little court, on one side of which was the porter's lodge, and straight before me a large solid door. I had not time to speculate much upon the strange appearance of the hotel, for the little dark waiter opened the huge door that was locked, too, and admitted me into a court-yard. The scene that suddenly met my eyes there completely confounded me. Instead of a collection of persons of distinction,

assembled probably in the gardens of the new *Hôtel d'Angleterre*, I beheld a square yard, along the right side of which ran a low building, looking very like a parcel of cow-sheds. In one corner of the court sat upon the ground two wretched-looking men, half naked, at least with nothing but trowsers, and torn shirts like sacks; and they were devouring with avidity some worse than Spartan bread, and looked even more degraded than Helots. Some persons, whom I immediately recognized as Englishmen, were walking backwards and forwards, seeming as restless and unquiet as mice in their revolving cages. Looking to my left, I perceived a kind of garden surrounding an arbour, through the trees of which I saw a small table and two or three men sitting round it. I began now to conjecture where I was. My friend had been doing like so many others—living at other people's expense, and was now paying the necessary penalty. He had observed me from the arbour

where he was sitting, and came out in considerable confusion. We shook hands, and he explained to me the circumstances which had led to his arrest; but they were nothing but what every body may guess. He did not ask me to stay, nor did I feel very anxious to do so; I therefore quitted the *Hôtel d'Angleterre*, struck with mortification, and even grief, to find that my countrymen had, by their undignified and dissolute conduct, brought this disgraceful stigma upon the English name, and caused such a significant title to be given to the *prison civile* of Boulogne.

I continued to reside for some time at Boulogne. The family with whom I boarded was extremely kind to me, and lived in the most patriarchal and simple way. I was present at all their *fêtes*; I partook of all their dainties, not omitting the famous *gateau de Mazarine*, which may have derived its title from the beautiful duchess of that name, who was niece to

Cardinal Mazarin. I had accompanied a young man, the son of my host, one day to the church of Saint Nicholas, in the market-place, to see the ceremony of the annual service for the unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth. When we were returning, we met a lady whom the young man knew, and to whom he introduced me. I formed an intimacy with that lady; and some time after I happened to advert to the funeral service at which I had been present, and to say that I considered its celebration as impolitic and dangerous; since it might be considered as a sort of perpetual reproof to the nation. "I am rather of your opinion," replied the lady, "and think that it would be better for all the crimes and horrors of the terrible Revolution to be, if possible, forgotten. I am sure I try to forget all in which I was myself particularly concerned; and though I see daily some of the actors in those dreadful scenes, I endeavour to avoid betraying any signs of disgust or recollection."

I felt anxious to know to what circumstances my friend alluded, and told her so.

“If you will come and take your coffee with me to-morrow morning,” said she, “I will relate to you the share which I had in the sufferings which we all, I believe, more or less, underwent.”

The next day, accordingly, I was punctual to my engagement; and as we sat near the window of her house, which commanded a view of the market-place in the high town, my friend commenced her story.

“You see,” said she, “that priest passing across the market-place with the holy sacrament; mark how some of those fishwomen rise as he passes, and cross themselves. I can remember the time when the sight of such a man would have been enough to make some of these very women howl and rage like furies. That market-place, too, which now looks so cheerful, filled as it is with your countrymen, who now live here unmolested,

was once the scene of blood and horror ! and I myself, that am pointing it out to you, wonder that I am alive to do so. The circumstances which you have expressed a desire to hear, I last night put down upon paper, and I will now read them to you."

CHAPTER XXI.

“ I WAS still almost a child, when our dreadful Revolution commenced. The first event which I can recollect as having particularly impressed itself upon my memory, is this:—Boulogne had become, at the time to which I allude, a prey to the wildest and most desperate of its inhabitants; and all religion and order were at an end. I was then about sixteen, and at a school in a street not far from where we are now. One day there was a loud knocking at the gate of the house, and presently one of the men that I had been told was particularly active in the revolutionary Committee, which was established in Boulogne, came into the school-room, where we all were. He was a shoemaker, and had been employed by my father. He walked directly up

to the schoolmistress, and said, "Citoyenne, the Committee of Public Safety has sent me to signify to you their commands, that your school be all present to-morrow at the burning of those Aristocratic Saints, and at the *fête* of Reason. We are going to make a glorious bonfire of the old puppets; and I hope the smell of them will reach as far as the Austrians' prison;—that's what I call odour of sanctity;" and he burst into a loud laugh. We were all too much alarmed at the bold appearance of the man to betray any signs of attention to what he was saying; but he came straight up to me, and took the book which I had in my hands from me. "*Ah! c'est bien, ma petite,*" said he, pointing to the page of the history that we happened to be reading. "Read it attentively, and you will see how the people can take off a king's head as well as his crown, when both are troublesome." I saw the schoolmistress turn pale; and as the man returned me the book, I glanced over it, and per-

ceived that we happened just to have reached the reign of your King Charles the First. "I have become a very learned citizen lately," continued the man; "I have left my shop to my son. *Ma foi!* politics are the best trade: I had rather make a constitution than a shoe any day. But I must be off. Don't forget, citizen, to-morrow, mark!" and away he went humming

A ça ira, ça ira, tous les Aristocrats à la lanterne,
A ça ira, ça ira, les Aristocrats on les pendra!

As soon as the last echoes of his voice had died away, our mistress rose, and coming to each of us separately, explained what the man meant, and told us to pray all that night that our presence at the wicked sacrilege might not make us sinful. In those days, you know, Sir, we had much more respect for such things than now;—a great deal of nonsense was swept away with the good and real ceremonies of our church; and we have recovered the latter without being anxious

about the former. We all obeyed our mistress's directions, however; and I remember now that it was a curious sight to me, to see us all kneeling, with our books, in the little chapel that was close to the school, and which was just lighted by a single lamp. There was something even awful to me in this unusual circumstance; and it seemed as if we were all endeavouring to avert some terrible calamity by our entreaties.

As soon as it was light, we heard the drums of the National Guard rolling through the gates of the town, and the bell of the *Hôtel de Ville*, which is supposed to be prodigiously old, and certainly, old as it was, never had tolled for such a sight as was preparing. Presently the terrible *à ça ira* echoed under our windows, and two or three of the fishwomen came screaming by, and bawling out, "*Allons! allons! citoyennes! citoyennes!* the devil's mass is going to begin; and the Virgin will soon be a little warmer than she was when stuck up in the old

cathedral; *allons ! allons !*" and they beat with their fists against the shutters. We dared not delay any longer; so dressed in white frocks and tri-coloured sashes, and preceded by our mistress, we directed our steps towards that very *place* which you are now looking upon. When we reached it, Guche, the shoemaker, was standing close to the door of the *Hôtel de Ville*, which we passed as we came upon the *place*, surrounded by a mob of the most desperate rabble of the town.

"Stand back!" said one of the wretches, that seemed from his red cap and bare arms to be a butcher; "stand back there! and let the aristocratic lambs pass. There, my pretty one," said the man to my companion, "you shall give me a kiss for picking up your glove," and the dreadful wretch actually put his lips to her cheek. My friend almost fainted, and the butcher, as he perceived her disgust, growled out "*Diable !* what a mighty fuss about nothing; what will

you do if I choose you for my wife?" Guche, however, who still considered himself under some obligations to my father, seeing that my friend and myself were thus molested, called from the steps on which he was standing, "Come, come, Constant, let them alone now; they are not ready yet; I will not forget you when we divide the flock. But to business, to business! move on, move on there! and take your seats, girls." We passed on, and were conducted to a large gallery, that was erected on one side of the *Hôtel de Ville*, where we found all the other schools of the town collected. In the middle of the *place* was a great pile of wood, surrounded by a railing, and encircled by a few of the National Guard. Some of the firemen were stationed at a short distance, with their little engine; and upon the top of the pile of wood was fastened a pole, surmounted by the tri-coloured flag and the red cap. A great crowd of persons was assembled all over the *place*, and extended down

through the gate as far as the Esplanade, which you probably well know. We remained looking at their preparations a short time, till our attention was called to the approach of some heavily-laden cart or carriage. The sound of its creaking wheels gradually came nearer; and presently, amidst the shouts and yells of the mob, a waggon slowly made its appearance, drawn by four horses, decorated with tri-coloured ribands, and escorted by a party of the National Guard. We all hastily looked towards our mistress as it turned the corner and drew up near the pile, who made us a sign of caution. And it was necessary, for, young and innocent as we were then, the sight that met our eyes was enough to have made children like us weep! Piled up in vast heaps, like useless lumber, were all the pictures and images and reliques that we had so long been accustomed to reverence; while upon the very top of all was that famous effigy of the Virgin Mary,

that is said to have worked so many miracles. What would her friend Louis the Eleventh have said (he that dedicated our whole county to her) if he had seen her in that desperate situation? But really, at that time, I myself was much distressed; and when I saw the whole waggon-load thrown upon the pile, I felt a kind of terrible presentiment of evil. The yells increased as the wooden boxes and pieces of bone and bottles and beads and pictures clattered down upon the logs, and many of the mob commenced a dance round the pile, as it began to send up its smoke, and spread a strong smell around, arising from the pitch, with which the saints were covered, shouting, "There's odour of sanctity for you!" and singing that parody upon our national air of Henri Quatre, which begins thus:

Aristocrats,
Vous voilà bien fichus,
Les Démocrates
Vous mettent le pied au cou
Aristocrats.

I could have wished my friend to continue the song, but she had forgotten the rest ; and, indeed, from the nature of its commencement, I suspected that she had chosen to do so ; as, though Frenchwomen are not very particular about the songs they sing, yet this was probably something that was too much even for them.

Guche, who appeared to take the lead in the ceremony, (she continued,) now mounted upon a scaffolding that was raised at a little distance from the flaming pile, accompanied by a priest, upon whose head was the red cap. He made signals for silence, and having at last succeeded in obtaining it, called out, "*Ecoutez, citoyens ! voici un bon prêtre*, and a man that knows as well how to patch souls as I shoes ; he will give you a little bit of a sermon, and I warrant he knows how to do it as he ought, else his new wife won't save him from Madame la Guillotine."

I will not offend you by repeating the impious ribaldry that this apostate uttered. I

am no bigot, but cannot regard the man who acts in direct opposition to the principles of his religion, without contempt. This man was one who had thus acted:—terrified by the threats of the Committee, he had abjured his former celibacy, had married, and continued to preach, but in derision and insult of his previous doctrines.

When he had finished his speech, he was saluted with loud cries of "*Bravo! bravo! Monsieur le Curé; encore! encore! Monsieur le Prédicateur!* your sermon is worth fifty speeches of the quack doctor that 's standing down on the *place* of Saint Nicholas; haven't you got some boxes of salve too for a sore conscience?" "Who's that talks of sore consciences?" bel-
lowed the butcher Constant. "Where are the aristocratic rascals that think of such things as that? Sore consciences indeed! such ones deserve to have sore necks!"

The confusion and tumult of the scene was

terrible, and seemed not likely to subside; for we suddenly heard, as the mob beneath us had paused for an instant to breathe, other and still more outrageous clamours, that seemed to come from the direction of the Grande Rue; and, as they came nearer, we could distinctly hear the words, "*Vive la belle Déesse! O le beau Apollon! A bas les Prêtres! Vive la Raison!*"

My schoolfellows and myself sat trembling, and anxiously wondering what this fresh uproar could announce; and we would gladly have had the most difficult embroidery to finish before dinner, rather than stay where we were.

But our curiosity, however, counterbalanced in some degree our terror; and the spectacle which we saw advancing through the dark gate, was sufficient to make us forget both that and the hunger which had for some time annoyed us. The crowd, too, beneath us seemed to be as much struck by the approaching sight as ourselves,

for they all stood gazing in silence ; and Guche, clapping the priest on the shoulder, who was quietly retreating down the steps of the scaffolding, said in a loud fierce voice, "Come, come, my friend, none of your blinking ! we'll see which can make the best use of their tongues, you, or our worthy Apollo there. You still pretend to be a bit of a Saint ; so let's try if you can work a miracle, and teach that Goddess yonder to say her paternoster."

In the mean time the God and Goddess alluded to, were fast coming on ; and we, who had never heard of, or seen such things, except in our histories, were almost frightened when we saw the strange figures which presented themselves.

First came a party of fishermen, in their large sea-boots and check shirts, bearing the heads of some of those immense conger eels, which you may have seen lying in the fish-market, fastened upon long poles. After them came a man,

dressed in a large black robe, painted all over with devils, and his face covered with a mask of the same colour, carrying a wooden representation of the guillotine. Next marched seven or eight persons, some in the habit of friars, and others grotesquely dizenod out in faded laced coats, with large cocked hats, which contrasted oddly with the miserable appearance of the rest of their dress. These men continued to sing a couplet of the revolutionary air *Cadet Roussel*:

“ Cadet Roussel a un habit
Tout doublé de papier gris ;
Il ne le met que quand il gèle.
Que direz vous de Cadet Roussel ?
Ha ! ha ! ha ! oui vraiment
Cadet Roussel est un bon enfant.”

Then succeeded some extraordinary-looking personages, attired in the most singular costume. One of them had a quantity of artificial vine-leaves sewed about his body, mixed with some

black-looking lumps that were probably meant for grapes; and as he passed yelled out—

“ Le bon Bourgeois, le dos au feu,
Le devant à la table,
Caressant sa bouteille,
Et puis sa demoiselle.”

Ten or eleven others followed in pairs, just as strangely dressed, one like a huge bear in shaggy skins, another covered with an old piece of flowered tapestry, a third as white with flour as a miller, and another in a dingy cloak with some holes in it, through which some glittering pieces of tin were occasionally seen.

Immediately after these followed half a dozen men in the habit of friars, bearing upon their shoulders an arm-chair, in which sat a woman. Round her head was twined a garland of artificial roses: she was dressed in a white robe covered with silver spangles; in one hand she held the branch of a tree; in the other, what,

from its appearance at that distance, seemed to be the mass-book. Round the chair jumped and danced the fishwomen with their children, screaming, *Vive la Déesse! Oh! la belle Déesse!*" which applause the woman appeared to receive with much satisfaction.

Close behind this last personage, and mounted on a small horse, that had a sort of wings fastened to his sides, rode another comic figure, dressed in fiery-coloured clothes, with a large gilded sun fastened upon his breast, and holding in his hands a guitar, from which he occasionally attempted to draw some sounds. His head was encircled by leaves, and he smiled and bowed to the rabble that threw up their caps about him, shouting, *Voyez douce le superbe Apollon! Voyez douce son joli cheval aux ailles.*

As this extraordinary procession slowly came through the arched gate, and mounted the little ascent that leads upon the *place*, a party of drummers that were stationed just below our gal-

lery, began to beat as they were used to do at the appearance of the Holy Sacrament; and the unanimous crowd burst into the—to us unintelligible, cry of *Vive la Raison! à bas les Eglises! Vive notre bon prêtre Apollon!*

The pile was still blazing and crackling, and as it rose above the motley assemblage, I recollect that it put me in mind of the sacrifices that we used to read of in our Ancient History. Guche, who had remained with the priest standing upon the scaffolding, now held up his hand; and the procession, which had continued to advance and had come as near as it could to his post, stopped. *Silence! silence!* was roared by a host of voices; and at length was procured. Guche then, taking off his cap, and making a low bow towards the spot where the goddess sat, called in a loud tone, “Most high and mighty Princess, great Goddess of Reason! we thy true and loyal subjects are hither met to do thee homage, and to ask of thee if thou wilt suffer us

to eat our own bread and wear our own shoes. Thy trusty Priests and Barons there, we see, look hungry, and their feet as if they had run many a mile ; but, great Princess, we trust that thou wilt not take from us our goods to give to them, when thou hast so many good things in thine own shop." And as he concluded, he burst into a hearty laugh, which was echoed by the crowd, and certainly by the Butcher Constant, for I saw him grinning and rubbing his bare arms with pleasure.

But the business was not yet finished ; for the figure that was mounted upon the little winged horse now rode forward, and made his way through the crowd up to the scaffolding.—“Great Prince of Poets!” cried Guche to him, “thou art doubtless come to claim thy destined victim ; but ere we yield him to thy power, he must be heard ;” and turning to the Priest, who now stood trembling by his side, “Come, most holy man,” said he, “confound

the wicked God and Goddess with thy heavenly words; tell them that a good fat priest is worth an Apollo any day in the year, except Sunday, and then he's worth more, for he drinks and sings more than any Apollo ever did in his life." The trembling Priest began to mutter something which we could not hear; but he was interrupted by the mob, who shouted "A song! a song! let's have a song from the *Cardinal de l'ignominie*. Guche, make him sing the *Reveille*;" and the terrified man was compelled to sing that military air, while the crowd accompanied him, and Apollo made a show of touching his guitar. We were all obliged to join in the chorus of *Aux armes, Citoyens!* and as the people threw up their caps, and the butcher brandished his instrument of slaughter, the blazing pile sank in with a crash, and, throwing its sparks and glare over their hard features, made them look like some of the figures that we had seen represented as suffering in purgatory.

Presently the drums began to roll, and the rest of the Committee of Safety came to the windows of the *Hôtel de Ville*, with the red caps upon their heads, and were saluted with cries of *Vive le Comité ! Vive le règne de la Raison ! à bas la Cathédrale !*

The flames now began to die away and expire, and thick volumes of black smoke spread themselves over the *place*, almost blinding and choking the persons there collected. The crowd seemed about to disperse, and the procession was thrown into complete disorder. The grotesque figures that composed it, were mixed among the rest of the people ; and the white man that was intended to represent the month *Nivose* of our new calendar, got many a curse from those upon whom his snow fell. Guche came up to the gallery and called out to us, " Now you may go and learn your catechisms, my pretty virgins ; you 'll say them all the better after hearing such a capital sermon from our

good *Curé* here," giving the Priest, whom he held by the arms, a push—"Eh ! my holy one, what do you think of those sweet little birds there? Would not you like to have one of them to serve the mass for you?" The man tried to laugh ; but terror was evidently struggling with the smile that he assumed, and he seemed to be entreating his tormentor to let him depart.

We, as you may suppose, lost no time in making use of Guche's permission ; and, after suffering some more insults and annoyance, we reached our house.

The noise and tumult still continued till late in the night ; and next morning we were told that our beautiful cathedral had been pulled to pieces by a desperate set of the worst of our inhabitants, whom the sight of the burning images had, no doubt, instigated to the act. It was a great loss to the town, since our present churches are but very indifferent ones. Many of our

Kings had made vows of golden hearts within it upon their accession ; and some of our bigots here, asserted that the unhappy Louis the Sixteenth had perhaps suffered for his neglect of that duty. Well, Boulogne seemed tranquil for a few days after the scene I have just been describing to you, except that now and then we heard the execrations of the people as the carriages that were conveying some suspected individuals to Arras passed across the *place*.

One day, however, about a week afterwards we heard cries of Bravo ! bravo ! in the street, and listening we could distinguish the words

“ La Louve Autrichienne
La Louve de Vienne
La Louve Autrichienne
Est morte et enterré,”

sung to our old air of Marlbrook. Our mistress told us to lay down our work and follow her ; and we went into the chapel ; there she told us

that our innocent Queen had been wickedly put to death, and that we must all pray for her soul.

When we came back from the chapel, a servant of my father arrived, who had attended him to Paris, whither he had gone to the Convention, of which he was member, but a very unwilling one, I may say. Still, by being so, he was enabled to be of use to many of our friends, and he had hitherto escaped any suspicions of aristocratic tendency. He was a very good kind of man, and acted so evidently from the best motives, that even in those bloody days he was much respected. The servant informed me (my father had not ventured to write) that Paris was in a dreadful state, that the Queen had just been executed, and that he was endeavouring to arrange matters so that he might come down to Boulogne without rendering himself obnoxious. He succeeded, poor man! and about a week after I had the delight to embrace him.

We had a house at Outreau, a village which you may have remarked standing upon the hills above the port, and commanding an extensive view over the sea and country. We retired thither; and under the protection of Guche, whom my father had once saved from going to prison, we were allowed to live undisturbed. Our only society was the excellent *Curé* of the village, who was much beloved by the country people, and who had been still allowed to remain in his house. But the love of the simple villagers could avail him nothing; he was too near the horrible place in which nothing but suspicion and cruelty prevailed.

After we had lived quietly for about six months, we were one evening alarmed by the heavy sound of the bell from the *Hôtel de Ville*, that was never rung at that hour, and portended consequently some fresh scene of confusion. We went out upon a rising ground, a little way from the village, whence we could see the

quays and the town ; it was growing dark, but there was still light enough for us to distinguish a crowd of persons collected near the old custom-house. Presently we heard the drums of the national guard beating to arms, and, as the darkness increased, we saw lights moving about on the quay, some of which seemed to descend down the ladders which were fastened to its sides as the means of communication with the boats at low tide. They rapidly passed across the now dry bed of the harbour, and we then lost sight of them.

My father and myself proceeded to the respectable *Curé*, whom we found in considerable agitation. We mentioned what we had seen ; but his manner was unusually hurried and abrupt, as he asked how long it was since we had seen the lights pass across the port. " About half an hour," replied my father : " we merely returned to our house to conclude our collation, and then came here."

The old man turned pale ; and so did we, for we suddenly heard the well-known threatening cry of "*Ah ! le scélérat ! ah ! le traître !* We'll show him how to write to the *Emigrés* ;—we'll give him ink, plenty of red ink." And a mob of horrid-looking wretches rushed up to the *Curé's* house, and into the room where we were, headed by Guche and the butcher Constant. "Good night, citizens," said Guche to us ; "we have a little business with the worthy priest here, and perhaps (but I should be sorry for that) with you too. Eh ! my clever clerk, do you know this bit of paper?" and he held up to the *Curé* a torn scrap of a letter. The excellent Butiaux, perceiving that it was useless to deny what spoke but too strongly against him, calmly replied, "Yes, I wrote it." — "That's right," said the butcher grinning, "nothing can get him off now ; this will be glorious work for me ;" and he began with his hands to imitate the descent of the guillotining axe.

"*Allons! allons!*" shouted all the rest of the party, "don't let us stop here: let's have them all away to the committee—ay, this young wolf and all," seizing me by the arm. My father appealed to Guche for his protection, that we might not be carried off that night; but the man was incapable of preventing the gang from following their own bent, even if he had wished. "It is impossible, citizen," said Guche; "the committee would have my head off if I left you here after finding you with this traitor; so, come along; and as for you, *M. Ecrivain*, you may just say good-b'ye to your hens and your servant there, that we ought to have made you marry, for you'll sleep somewhere else very shortly." We were all accordingly hurried down to Boulogne, and confined in the prison.

The next morning Guche came to conduct us to the town-hall, where the committee were sitting. Our trial was short, and the unfortunate Butiaux was condemned to die; as it appeared

that a person whom he had intrusted with a letter for one of his brother *Curés*, who had emigrated, had been apprehended as he was making his way from the port, having just returned from Outreau. The president of the committee, when he sentenced him to the guillotine, said to him with a sneer, "This room is a little altered now from what it was when your noble friends the Seneschals used to sit and drain the poor peasants of their money." "Yes," answered the venerable man, "this is the place where innocence formerly sat in judgment on crime, but where criminals now condemn the innocent." I thought the wretches that filled the hall would have torn him to pieces; but Constant, the butcher, darted forward, and laying his bare arms upon the unshrinking *Curé*, bellowed out, "Let my ox alone, I say; what! would you pretend to know how to kill him better than myself?" And the people with a loud laugh shouted, "Well done, my boy! we hope you'll

never want such fat Easter oxen to slaughter, as long as you live."

In the midst of this frightful uproar, Guche had succeeded in obtaining our liberty, as nothing had appeared to implicate us in the unhappy Butiaux' proceedings; and we were, towards evening, allowed to return to Outreau.

Four or five days passed on, and as the town had been tolerably quiet every day, we hoped that the execution would not take place, for we knew very well that we should be compelled to attend it. But one morning the dreaded bell from the *Hôtel de Ville* began to toll, the drums echoed over the harbour, and up to our village, and we could see from the rising ground, to which we had hastened, the quays covered with people hurrying into the streets. When we returned to our house, we found Guche waiting for us. He told us that the *Curé* was to be guillotined immediately; that the guillotine, which had been purposely sent from Arras, had arrived

the preceding night ; and that we must follow him down to the town. “ I have some gratitude in me,” said the man, “ and if I could, I’d let you stay, for it’s an awkward sight after all ; but my own safety is the first thing,—so come along.”

When we got to the *Place Saint Nicholas*, we found it covered with the furious people, who had been dragging their victim about the streets, and displaying him to the town, preparatory to his being sacrificed. They had tied up the few white hairs that were scattered upon his forehead into a knot, with a piece of tri-coloured riband, and were singing another couplet of the same air, *Cadet Roussel*, that I alluded to before. It was this :

“ *Cadet Roussel a trois cheveux,
Deux pour la tête et une pour la queue,
Et quand il va voir sa maîtresse
Il les met tous les trois en tresse.
Ha ! ha ! ha ! oui vraiment
Cadet Roussel est un bon enfant.*”

And they danced around him. His beard had been suffered to grow, for, poor man ! he had probably passed the last few days in prayer and preparation for his death ; and one of the mob pointing to it, said with a wide grin, "*Monsieur le Curé* has not shaved himself this morning for the mass, but the national razor will do it nicely for him !" This was an allusion to the guillotine, which had acquired that name. The butcher was of course there ; but he had assumed an air of mock gravity, and stood near poor Butiaux, who seemed quite unmoved amid the horrors that surrounded him. The butcher had a large tri-coloured scarf round his body, and shouted, "Gently, gently, citizens ! don't you see I'm one of the committee?" pointing to his scarf ; "the good gentleman is under my protection. I'm appointed inspector of public works ; and if he will do me the honour of accompanying me, I will shew him a very pretty one I have just

finished in the *place* up in the high town," bowing to the *Curé*.

The crowd began to ascend up the high street; but I was luckily spared the rest of the miserable spectacle, for I was so shocked and terrified by the screams and yells of the mob, that I fainted. When I recovered, I found myself with my father at a house upon the *Place Saint Nicholas*; and as soon as I was able, we returned to Outreau.

"*Mais apropos*," said the French lady, "I am obliged to go out to Ostrobove this afternoon; so we will postpone the rest of my story till to-morrow, if you will do me the honour of dining with me."

I passed the afternoon in wandering about the country round Boulogne, and proceeded as far as the column, which was commenced when the grand army were encamped in the neighbourhood. Its erection was for some time discontinued; but Louis the Eighteenth has

ordered that it should proceed. The following account of its foundation may, perhaps, not be uninteresting to you.

Upon the day appointed for this ceremony, Marshal Soult, accompanied by all the superior officers of the army, proceeded to the elevated ground where the column was to be placed. Then, after distributing several crosses of the legion of honour, the Marshal, assisted by a grenadier of each of the regiments which were drawn up around, placed in the foundation a block of granite brought from Marquise, a small town between Calais and Boulogne, where there are quarries. Upon this block of stone was the following inscription:—

“ Première pierre
Du monument decerné
Par l’Armée expéditionnaire de Boulogne
Et la Flotille
A l’Empereur NAPOLEON
Posée par le Maréchal Soult, Commandant en chef,
18 Brumaire An 13 (9 Novembre 1804)
Anniversaire de la régénération de la France.”

This column was intended to commemorate the triumph of the army of *England*. But it is now to serve a very different purpose, namely, that of celebrating the restoration of the Bourbon family. A statue of the great man was to have been placed upon the top of it; but it is now to be surmounted by the *fleur de lis*.

Continuing my walk as far as Wimille, a pretty village buried in a valley about two miles from Boulogne, I visited the monument of the unfortunate *Pilate de Rosier*, who was killed in endeavouring to cross from Calais to England in a balloon. His balloon took fire, and he fell like another Phaëton.

On my return I walked upon the ramparts, from which a very pretty view presents itself. The small river Liane, which forms the harbour, is remarkably picturesque when full, winding away with its serpentine bends as mysteriously as more important rivers. The country is irregular, with a few villages scattered along the tops

of the downs; and in the distance the brown sands of Etaples overtopping the hills about them. Outreau, the village where my friend had lived, was opposite to me, and the bell of its church was ringing. The high street, which is remarkably steep, and may be seen in its whole length from the ramparts, was crowded with persons coming to the fair, which covered the Esplanade, an open space before the prefecture and beneath the ramparts. Vast numbers of English were lounging among the booths, and making purchases at the *boutiques à dix sous et à vingt*. Some of the fishwomen, with their red petticoats and long golden ear-rings, were clattering about the crowd; and just beneath me was a man with a sort of shed, in which he was making *gauffres*, or thin cakes of flour, milk, and sugar baked and eaten hot. “*Voyez! voyez! Messieurs et Dames, toutes chaudes, toutes chaudes,*” was the cry, mixed with the drums of the shows, and the

proclamation of "*Tout à dix—la boutique à cinq.*"

While I was looking down upon this scene, an old white-headed man upon crutches placed himself near me. He did not beg; but there was no doubt of his profession. I spoke to him and said, it was a pity that so old and infirm a man should be obliged to ask charity. "*Ah! Monsieur,*" said he, "*que voulez vous?* I cannot work, I am obliged to pay high for my little room, and I have nothing but what I get from the goodness of a few kind persons. There is one family here that give me a glass of wine every Sunday from their windows which look upon the ramparts, and the young ladies are all very good to me,—*mais c'est une pauvre affaire.*" I gave the old man something, who, as I departed, uncovered his white head, and made me a low bow.

"But," said my friend the pedestrian, "as it grows late, I will defer the rest I have to tell you till to-morrow."

CHAPTER XXII.

THIS morning, according to agreement, my friend and I met again after breakfast, and he thus continued his narrative.

“The day following I proceeded to my friend the lady’s house. I met there a Frenchman, who amused me much. He was a pompous sounding man, looking uncommonly like a shoulder of mutton, the lower part of his body was so much broader than the upper, and tapered up to his neck, which was long and slender. He was a great epicure; for though he was not in his own house, I heard him particularly instructing the servant as to the dinner; and he ended his suggestions with this earnest admonition, “*Surtout, que le cayé soit chaud.*” He went away soon after we had dined, and my friend mentioned to me a

little anecdote of him which establishes his reputation as an ingenious *gourmand*. He has two houses belonging to him, which he lets, the one to a pastrycook, the other to a butcher. From these he derives a considerable rent in money; but he has also established the system of feudal service or relief within them, receiving from his pastrycook and butcher vassals, every Sunday, the homage of three *petits pâtes* and un *gigot de mouton*.

When we had concluded our dessert, my friend said to me, "Let us walk up to the ramparts, we shall find seats there, and while we enjoy this fine evening, I will conclude my story." We accordingly ascended by a flight of steps at the side of a fountain, representing a Cupid, and called *Puits d'Amour*; and after walking a little, we sat down upon a stone bench that commanded a view of the country and the sea.

"It was on a fine evening like this," she began,

“and some time after the events I have before read to you, I was walking upon the heights which you see extending towards the sea. The town had continued tranquil since the execution of poor Butiaux, and we had remained unmolested. I had reached the brink of the rock which hangs over the beach, and was amusing myself with looking upon the view, which is much more extensive than what we now enjoy. The whole line of coast, as far as the point of land called Grinez on one side, is discovered ; and the white cliffs of your country are distinctly seen, with the castle of Dover. Our fishing-boats were waiting for the flowing of the tide to come into the harbour ; and a large party of the women you may have observed gathering muscles among the rocks, were returning along the shore, and singing some of their favourite songs. The tide now began to murmur towards the wide range of sands at the harbour’s mouth, and soon came swelling into the port. The fishing-

boats one after the other swept in, and were hailed by their wives, who ran along the quay with their baskets to receive the fish.

It grew dark, and I was turning to go home, when I observed a small boat come cautiously round a point of land at some distance, and steal in towards the shore. There were two persons in it, and, as soon as it had grounded upon the beach, one of them, after looking carefully in every direction, stepped out, and walking hastily on, disappeared from my sight. He had apparently turned into a road which leads up from that part of the sands towards the town. The other man remained with the boat, and sat humming the *ça ira*.

The manner in which these persons had approached struck me as singular; but, as it was now late, I did not think it proper to satisfy my curiosity by staying any longer. I returned home; but my father was not in the room where we usually sat, and I heard voices in low con-

versation in the apartment above. I was alarmed, as any thing unusual in those times was enough to agitate me ; and I remained in an uncomfortable state of suspense for some time. I was, however, presently relieved from this, for my father came into the room accompanied by a stranger, whose appearance struck me as very like that of the person I had seen leave the boat.

“ You must procure us some supper, Marguerite,” said my father to me ; “ I have sent our maid down to the town ; and as she has got some of her friends there from Neufchâtel, she said, I told her she might remain all night.”

I was surprised at this, as my father was generally very strict about the servant, and would scarcely ever allow her to go to Boulogne. I could not help connecting this circumstance with the arrival of the stranger ; but I immediately went out and got the supper ready. When we were seated, my father, pouring out a large

glass of wine for the stranger, and another for me, said, "Come, let us drink success to our cause ! and you, girl, drink with us. We have been too long slaves to that bloody convention ; any mild form of government will be better than its terrible reign. Come ;" and we all, (I perplexed and frightened,) drank success to the patriots.

The stranger then said, "*Mais, Monsieur*, we have much to do in Paris ; we are scarcely organized yet, and the money which we expected from Coblenz is not arrived. Things go on but badly in La Vendée. Charette has separated himself from the rest ; and the Republican Rousillon has beaten part of our friends at Doué. We must hasten our measures."

My heart now began to sink. I foresaw some of those dreadful scenes I had only heard of at Boulogne ; and my father, it seemed, was to be engaged in them. I looked attentively at the speaker, whom I had not before closely exa-

mined, and perceived that he was evidently in a disguise, and wore a dress somewhat resembling that of the fishermen of Normandy.

He continued, "I have had great difficulty in getting here; we are too well known to have ventured upon coming through the provinces, where every body is now stopped and examined; and I therefore, with one of our party, have crept along the coast protected by this dress. We procured our boat at the mouth of the Seine at Havre, where we have friends, and have succeeded in our commission. But we must not delay; the tide will be falling, and I had rather keep clear of the other fishing-boats when they go to sea. We may depend, then, upon your joining us?"

"Certainly," said my father; "in a very few days you will see me in Paris, unless the people here refuse to allow me to depart."

"And that, I fear, is very likely," said the stranger, "in the present state of affairs."

"*Attendez*," said my father; "this girl here shall aid us in our just conspiracy. Marguerite, my dear, you have seen to what wretches our country is a prey; you have seen our unfortunate friend the *Curé* Butiaux dragged away to death by them; will you not assist us, then, in ridding France of such pests?"

I was perplexed, and looked at him without replying.

"*Ce n'est pas grand chose*," continued my father, smiling; "but you must turn cheat, and feign yourself afflicted with some severe illness, and I will persuade Guche to let us go to Paris to consult Choppart. That man is not so bad as he is obliged to appear; and I think he will do what he can for us. What do you think of our plan?" concluded he, turning to the stranger.

"Possible enough," replied he, "and if you can get away from this place, you may make pretty sure of reaching Paris, for they let every

body in ; but, when once in, it is not quite so easy to get out. But I dare not delay : I shall then tell the general that he may immediately expect you."

"Certainly," said my father. The stranger then grasped his hand, and bowing to me, after looking out, hastily disappeared.

My father then explained to me that Paris was at present upon the eve of insurrection, that the Convention had become so obnoxious to many of the people as to have made them resolve upon rising against their tyrants, and that a general who had commanded in La Vendée was to head them. "You know, my child," said my father, "that I sat in that Convention ; but when its career became so bloody, I was fortunate enough to be able to retire and live tranquilly with you. But the moment is now come for action ; and as I have many friends in Paris, my influence may do some good. We must therefore go thither. I grieve to carry thee to

that dangerous place; but where could I leave thee?"

"*Oh mon Père!*" I replied, "let me share all your dangers; I should be miserable if you were to be again absent from me, and exposed to all the horrors I have heard of."

"Well," said my father, "we have now about a month before us. You must gradually fall sick and complain of lameness and debility, and leave the rest to me."

Accordingly, a few days after the event I have related to you, I did so; and, being naturally pale and delicate, I succeeded, by remaining in the house and eating little, in giving myself the appearance of an invalid. My father distressed himself perpetually at the penance he was inflicting upon me; but I told him that I was as anxious for the happiness of France as himself, and that I had read of Roman women who had undergone greater hardships than mine for the benefit of their country. My father embraced

me; and in about a week afterwards procured permission for us to set out; but not till we had received a visit from Gache, who called me *pauvre petite*, and said, that I had better stay in the fresh sea-air, than go to that gloomy capital.

We quitted Boulogne about the middle of September. I had never travelled before, and, in spite of the dangerous business we were going upon, the novelty of all I saw delighted me.

We passed Beauvais, which was once saved from a siege, you recollect, by a woman. My father mentioned to me a singular custom, a privilege as they then thought it, attached to the butchers of that town. Upon some particular day, I think *Mardi Gras*, they used to present to the King at Paris a sheep decorated with flowers and ribands; but I do not know if his present Majesty keeps up the ceremony.*

* This resembles the old custom which formerly existed in Yorkshire, and which gave the name to the

Upon quitting Beauvais, I saw for the first time the vines which are scattered about it: the grapes were all ripening, and our postilion dismounting went and gathered a bunch, which he brought to us. I had never tasted grapes fresh plucked from a vineyard before, and they seemed the better to me;—but I was young, and disposed to find pleasure in every thing. The rich country we passed before reaching Paris made me anticipate seeing a magnificent city; and I continued to look impatiently from the windows of our chaise. But I was disappointed, for it grew dark as we passed through St. Denis, and I saw nothing of the city from a distance.

When we reached the barrier we were stopped; our chaise was closely searched, but, as I counterfeited extreme indisposition, we were not

festival of Lammas. The tenants who held of York Minster or Monastery, were obliged upon a certain day to present to their priestly lords a lamb, decorated with flowers, as a feudal homage.

detained any longer, as our passports were in proper form. But now commenced our difficulties; for had the Convention known, which they certainly would in the course of the following day from our passports which had been left at the gate, that my father was in Paris, he would have been immediately arrested. We drove to the hotel which we had given as our address at the barrier; and terribly disappointed I was at the dark narrow-looking streets we passed through. The Boulevards, however, which we crossed, struck me much; the *Cafés* were filled with people whom I could see in violent debate; and vast crowds were walking under the trees. Several ragged desperate-looking men and women came close up to the chaise-window and looked in, calling *Vive la Convention!* but they did not offer us any farther molestation; and we reached the hotel.

But my father had no sooner discharged the chaise, than taking me under his arm and un-

perceived by the people of the house, who were engaged in attending to a diligence which had arrived at the same time as ourselves, he hurried me along from the Rue Saint Honoré, where we had stopped, down upon a quay, and across a long bridge, from whence I saw the river covered with barges, and dark high houses and towers rising all round me. We hastened on, and turning to the right after we had crossed the bridge, presently reached a gateway, at which my father knocked. A voice from within called out, "*Eh bien, citoyen, que veux-tu ?*"—" *Le Monsieur de numero cinq, est il là ?*" said my father. "*Oui ! oui ! il est là,*" replied the same voice, and we heard the heavy bolts of the gate drawn back to admit us.

When we entered the court, a man stood there, who immediately shut and bolted the gate behind us. He then, after looking steadily at my father, said to him, "*Ils sont en haut ;*" and pointed to a staircase a little way from the

place where we were. My father and myself ascended that staircase, and on the first *étage* found a person standing with a gun upon his shoulder, and who instantly called out, "*Qui va là?*" "*Numero cinq,*" said my father. "*Passsez,*" replied the sentinel, pointing to a door behind him, through which we passed into a large room.

At the upper end of the apartment we had just entered sat three or four persons in the national uniform, with apparently a large map before them. One of them seeing us enter, immediately rose and came forward. "Welcome to Paris," said he to my father; "I wish I could give you and this young lady," bowing to me, "a better reception; but I trust that ere a few days be past, we shall have turned those rogues out of the Tuileries, and then I think I can promise you both a more commodious lodging than you will have now."

"Oh general," said my father to him, "as to this girl, she does not deserve to be better treated

than the Convention ;—she has been making a false constitution too ;” and he laughingly explained the circumstance of our departure from Boulogne.

The rest of the persons, who were at the other end of the room, now came up, and were introduced to us, “ *A propos, Général,*” said one of them (whom I recognised as the person I had seen at Boulogne) to our first acquaintance, “ I see by the plan, that if we can get possession of the quays, and secure the gate of the Tuileries, where the Convention now assemble, we shall spread such a panic among our enemies, that our success will be assured.”

“ Are the Sections disposed to rise which you have visited ?” said the person who had been addressed as General ; “ can we depend upon the Fauxbourg Saint Germain, and the quarter of Le Peletier ?”

“ I think we may,” replied the other ; “ we have even secured the assistance of Hebert and

the Cordeliers ; bad companions to be sure, but if we succeed, we shall soon be able to rid ourselves of them."

"But we must be breaking up," interrupted the General, "and I fear," turning to my father, "that you cannot remain here with your daughter. This house has been lately watched and suspected, and it may possibly be searched. But the young lady will be perfectly safe, since it belongs to a concealed patriot, and the old woman that takes care of it, will pay her every attention."

My father acquiesced, though reluctantly; and when they all left the house, we both felt our separation deeply. "But cheer up, my daughter!" said my father, "in a very few days I trust that we shall meet again at the Tuileries."

Several days passed away in suspense and agitation. From the window of my room I could see the whole length of the quay, with the dis-

tant Pont Neuf, and the river covered with its galleries of washerwomen below. They went on rubbing and beating their linen, as industriously and careless to what was passing about them, as if they were washing the shirts of the *gardes du corps* in the king's time. But the rest of the populace of Paris seemed to act very differently; for I could perceive frequently parties of women and men standing in various quarters of the quay, and appearing in violent dispute, while many shouted, *Vive la Nation!* and *A bas Pitt!* round some man who was addressing them from a bench. And other sights, too, at times presented themselves, which made me shudder and fly from the window.

I saw the virtuous Malesherbes pass along the opposite side of the river to his execution; and the old woman who was standing by me at the time, and who had told me who he was, said, "*Voilà! Mademoiselle, voilà!* that is the great lawyer that spoke up for the king when he was at

his trial, as they called it—the murderers! Look, he is going to the same fate as the poor Louis! But we shall see, we shall see presently, whether that Satan Robespierre can sit upon the tumbrel as calmly as that good man does now? Shame! shame! upon those wicked women that are howling and hooting at him;” pointing to a number of the *Poissardes*, who were among the crowd which covered the quay.

Well, as I told you, some days passed on, and I was beginning to feel great alarm and perplexity, when one night, I think the 5th of October, I was suddenly awakened by a great noise. I instantly got up and went to the window. I heard the tocsin ringing, and the drums rolling; and opening the window, I saw the opposite bank covered with people extending away towards the Pont Neuf, and their shouts of *A bas le tyran!* echoed over the river. Many of them had torches, which they waved about, and occasionally shewed me several offi-

cers in the national uniform among the crowd. They all seemed to be pouring towards the gate of the Tuileries; but at that moment I saw a body of cavalry, with two or three pieces of artillery, and some infantry, advance from within the palace. The insurgents, as I now concluded them to be, appeared surprised and alarmed at this event, and stopped. But soon fresh cries rose of "*Aux armes! aux armes! Citoyens!*" and they rushed on. The tumult and confusion then became dreadful; I heard the cannon and musquetry rolling along the river, and at intervals the shouts, and the quick ringing of the tocsin. A party of cavalry galloped past beneath my window, pursuing a number of the people, who fled, crying "Treason! treason!" And when I bent forwards from my window, to look at something in the river which had attracted my attention, I perceived several persons struggling among the barges, and grappling with one another. This

alarming uproar continued for some time. But I soon heard the discharges of artillery grow fainter ; and when the smoke cleared away a little, I saw the cavalry in full possession of the opposite quay.

The old woman, who had been looking on with me, now cried out, "*Mon Dieu ! ils sont perdus !* Those bloody wretches have got the upper hand." Her exclamation made me tremble ; and good reason I had to do so. For the next morning when she went out she brought me back the intelligence that the insurrection had entirely failed, and that some of its leaders had been discovered, and would be that day sent to the guillotine. I was struck with horror ; my father might be among them. But the old woman again told me, that he certainly was not one of the arrested persons, but that they were in search of him.

I waited in dreadful anxiety for some days, in complete ignorance of his fate, when I re-

ceived a letter from a friend at Boulogne, stating that my father had been detected there endeavouring to escape to England, and imprisoned. I immediately went out, disguised as a peasant, in some clothes furnished me by the old woman, and hastened to the barrier Saint Denis; then, telling the sentinel a lamentable story of my being shut in from my home and my sick mother, he allowed me to pass for a kiss, which I was compelled to grant him. *Mais vraiment*, if he were to see me now, I am afraid he would have little pity for me.

I made my way as well as I could down to Boulogne, and went directly to the prison. I found my father in terrible alarm about me. "Thank God! my daughter," said he, when he saw me, "you are safe. I had trusted to our friend, to whom the house where you were belongs, that he would protect you, till I was safe in England; but he, too, has been thrown into prison in the department of l'Isère. But you

are with me again, and I am relieved from a great weight."

The next day Guche came to inform us that my father was to be conveyed to Arras, with another gentleman, there to be tried. "I am sorry," said he to my father, "for your sake and the Citoyenne here; but all the others would have it so, *et je tiens à la vie, moi, comme de la cire.*"

Accordingly, the same afternoon we left Boulogne; Guche having obtained permission for me to accompany my father. With us was another inhabitant of Boulogne, who seemed terribly affected by his situation. The next afternoon we arrived at Arras, and, as we came upon the *Grande Place*, the guillotine stood there surrounded by a crowd, and just performing its terrible office. Our companion looked once at it, and then, uttering a loud exclamation of affright, sunk back upon the seat of the conveyance we were in. We thought he had

fainted, but to our astonishment and dismay, we found that he was dead !—terror having anticipated what the axe would have performed.

This circumstance added to the confusion and misery of my mind, and I had well nigh fainted myself; but I endeavoured to hold up for the sake of my father, and succeeded. We were lodged that night in the prison, amidst a vast collection of prisoners of all descriptions; and a dreadful night we passed.

The next morning we were carried before the Revolutionary Commission, which was then presided by the execrable Joseph le Bon. When we were led up to the table at which they sat, the monster called out to the guard who was retiring, “Hollo there! you may have your prisoner again in a moment; I see guillotine marked on his neck. And you, citoyenne,” looking at me, “do you want to save useless expense in head dresses? Come, come! you have not been long enough in a situation to wish for

death ; but we will make you see how we shave your father here ; the barber at Boulogne could not do it neater."

One or two of the other persons who were at the table said something about trial ; but Le Bon, bursting into a laugh, said, " Tried ! let the *Bourreau* try him : he'll see plenty of witnesses from the little window," which was another name for the guillotine. Then calling to the guard, " Here's a head to be chopped off without mercy ; and be sure you shew this citoyenne here how nicely our Arras cooks can make aristocratic sauce."*

* An anecdote is related of this Joseph le Bon which shews his character fully. He was one night returning home through the streets of Arras, when he heard a female voice singing and the tones of a guitar. He had not proceeded far from the house from whence these sounds had issued, when he received the intelligence of a defeat which the republican army had sustained. " What !" cried Joseph, " music ! singing !

We were both immediately hurried away to the *Grand Place*. I had no time to think or speak or communicate with my father. The whole scene had been so horrible and instantaneous, that I was bewildered, and did not recover any sort of capability to see what was passing, till I found myself upon the scaffolding near my father. But, my God! what a moment that was! I saw an immense crowd yelling and shaking their fists at us, the dark arcades of the place shutting them in all round; my father with his neck bare close to me, and a horrid-looking man all bloody at his side. I fell at his feet, I screamed with agony; I saw them drag him away; I heard a heavy blow, and remember nothing more till I found myself in the house of a friend we had at Arras.

and the enemy at our gates!" And the next morning the young lady, who had been singing and playing, perished on the scaffold with her mother.

Some time after, I was allowed to return to Boulogne, where I have lived ever since. But that dreadful sight never entirely leaves me; and every time I hear Arras named, my blood runs cold, and a shuddering ague comes over me.

I expressed my thanks to my friend for the trouble she had given herself to relate her story to me, and took my leave. And, added my friend the pedestrian, I must now do the same, for I have an appointment with my German master, as I am endeavouring to guarantee myself against any future unlucky ignorance of that language. We accordingly separated.

CHAPTER XXIII.

I HAD not seen my friend for some days, but this morning, as I was strolling towards the village of St. Canat, I met him returning from an excursion he had been making among the mountains. He seemed fatigued, and we proceeded together to my house, where he refreshed himself with some grapes. He was then preparing to go away, when I said to him, " You afforded me so much amusement the last time you were here, that I should be much gratified if you would endeavour to recollect any other circumstances which may have occurred to you."

" I am very happy," replied he, " that I have been able to entertain you, as it was entirely for that reason that I ventured to tell you so much about myself. I have little else,

however, to mention, except the following short anecdote :

A few days after I had heard the story I last related to you, I happened to find myself in company with an officer of a French regiment which had been disbanded. I was mentioning to him my having gone to visit the column, and could not help insinuating that our preparations to resist the threatened invasion by the Army of *England* had been such as to have rendered its success impossible. Like a true Frenchman and soldier, he vehemently maintained the contrary.

“ If you had seen our superb army,” said he, “ you would have said otherwise. *Ma foi!* I think we should have eaten many a beef-steak in London.” He then added in a lower tone “ If we had such a general now as we had then, *parbleu!* you would see.”

I did not choose to pursue our argument further, as it would either have ended in nothing,

or a duel, so I turned the conversation upon the sudden departure of the army for Germany. "That was a very unexpected circumstance," said I.

"*Oui, oui!* I believe we may thank England for it," replied the Officer. "However, that campaign made me an officer out of a serjeant-major."

"Then you have no reason to regret it," said I; "but pray, might I ask what the circumstance was to which you allude?"

"Certainly," replied the Officer, "you seem *un Monsieur bien honnête*, and I will relate them to you. Let us adjourn to the *Café Veyex*, and take some refreshment."

We did so, and as we sipped our *petit verre*, my new acquaintance said, "It appears very strange to me to see so many English residing here. Some years ago, we should as soon have thought of seeing the devil as an Englishman in Boulogne, except when our privateers had taken some pri-

soners. But at the period to which more particularly I allude, certainly an Englishman would have been in no easy situation among our troops. We were all encamped on the heights above the town, and in daily expectation of crossing La Manche. We used to see your cruisers come dodging about; and we often pointed out to each other the Castle of Dover, and longed to be garrisoning it. The Emperor was with us, and I have often seen him standing upon a battery that was to the right of the harbour on the cliff, and watching the motions of your frigates; and when your admiral Sir Sidney Smith attacked our flotilla, the Emperor was himself in a little boat at the mouth of the harbour, encouraging the sailors.

“ But what I have to tell you about myself is this. We had just proclaimed Napoleon Emperor, and we were all ordered to assemble in grand parade on the heights, at the right camp, to take the oath of fidelity.—*Ma foi!* we

had no occasion to take an oath for that," (this was said in a lower tone); "so on the morning of the twenty-eighth of August; while the cannon of all the forts were announcing the *fête Saint Napoleon* to the surrounding country, the whole army formed themselves into brigades, in a semicircle round the Emperor's throne, which was raised upon a platform and decorated with trophies and flags. Our generals placed themselves at the head of their respective divisions; and to the right and left of the throne stood all the bands of the different regiments. We waited under arms till about twelve o'clock, and then we heard the cannon begin to roll again; and shortly after the Emperor, attended by all his staff and ministers and great officers of state, came upon the ground. He advanced slowly up to the throne, while the music struck up, *Où peut-on être mieux?* one of our national songs that is a little out of fashion now. When the Emperor had reached his

throne, he sat down for an instant, while all the Marshals and Princes ranged themselves round. I was a youngster then, and as I looked at them all, I said to myself,—Why should not I be a Marshal and a Duke one of these days?—the Emperor himself was not much more than I am, once. So while the Emperor was sitting down, the Grand Chancellor pronounced a discourse to us, which none of us heard or cared about; we wanted to hear Napoleon. As soon as the Chancellor had finished, the drums and trumpets struck up, and the Emperor rose. We were all as silent as mice; the ensigns stood a little in advance of the line, and the whole army presented arms. Napoleon then deliberately pronounced these words: ‘Soldiers, swear that you will always be faithful and obedient to your Country and your Emperor.’ Instantly, *Nous le jurons!* was shouted by thousands of voices; the music again burst out, and the whole flotilla and artillery along the coast fired an

unanimous salute. I was thinking then that if the gentlemen of the Thames, *pardon, Monsieur,*" (I smiled) "could hear us, they would be locking up their shops and hiding their guineas. As soon as the oath had been taken, we all marched by the throne, and the Emperor spoke to some of us. I looked, I remember, very hard at him, and he called out, '*Attention ! attention !*' and advancing a little, he said, '*Comment donc, tu es Serjeant Major ? tu es bien jeune de l'être.*'—'*Et tu es bien plus jeune d'être Empereur,*' I suddenly replied, without hesitation, or reflection. I did not know that I had said any thing singular, but I saw the Princes glance at one another and turn pale. Napoleon looked hastily round, and then said smiling, '*Ma foi, Messieurs, il m'a bien payé ; qu'en pensez-vous ?*' They all smiled too, and bowed. '*Tiens, Monsieur avec la risposte en main,*' said he to me ; 'here is the cross for you, and let me see you as sharp in the field, as you have just now been

in reply.—‘*Marchez !*’ he then called out to our company, which had halted, and on we passed. My comrades all shook hands with me after the parade, and said I was a lucky young dog ; and proud enough I was of my cross.

“ But I wanted to be moving, and we were all wondering why we were not embarked on board the flat-bottomed boats which were ready for us. One morning, however, about three o’clock in September, the *generale* beat to arms, the whole army was in motion, and by eight o’clock we were all on board. The Emperor came down and inspected us, and we were in high spirits, and thinking we should in a day or two be at Cantorberi ; when the very same afternoon down came an express from Paris, and in two days we were on our march for Germany. We were sorry to leave Boulogne: we had been very happy there, and had had our little gardens about our tents, where we used to work and look down upon the port, and amuse ourselves

with keeping rabbits and poultry ; and one of our officers made a song about our going, which, as there is no one now in the *café*, I will sing to you." The officer then sung, or rather murmured, the following verses :—

“ Le tambour bat, il faut partir,
Ailleurs on nous appelle ;
Oui, de lauriers il va s'ouvrir
Une moisson nouvelle.
Si là-bas ils sont assez fous
Pour troubler l'Allemagne,
Tant pis pour eux, tant mieux pour nous,
Allons vite en campagne.

Là par ses exploits éclatans
On connoit notre armée,
C'est là qu'elle est depuis long temps
A vaincre accoutumée ;
C'est là que nos braves guerriers
Vont triompher ;
C'est là que pour nous les lauriers
Sont en coupe réglée.

Il faut quitter ce camp charmant,
De bons enfans l'astle,
Dont nous avons fait si gaiement
Une petite ville ;
Si des murs, malgré nos soins,
La forme est peu correcte,
Nous n'avons pas été du moins
Trompés par l'Architecte.

Adieu, mon cher petit jardin,
Ma baraque jolie,
Toi que j'ai planté de ma main
Et toi que j'ai bâtie :
Puisqu'il faut prendre mon mousquet,
Et laisse ma chaumière,
Je m'en vais planter le piquet
Par de la Frontière.

Adieu, poules, pigeons, lapins,
Et ma chatte gentille,
Autour de moi tous les matins
Rassemblés en famille.
Toi, mon chien, ne me quitte pas,
Compagnon de ma gloire ;
Partout tu dois suivre mes pas,
Ton nom est la Victoire.

Adieu, peniches et plats bateaux,
Prâmes et canonnières ;
Qui deviez porter sur les eaux
Nos vaillans militaires.
Vous ne soyez pas si contens,
Messieurs de la Tamise,
Seulement pour quelques instans
La partie est remise.

Nous aurons souvenir de vous,
Habitans de Bolougne,
Mais, pour le retour gardez-nous
Du Bordeaux, du Bourgogne :
Nous songerons à vos appas,
Gentilles Boulognaïses,
Les Allemandes ne font pas
Oublier les Françaises."

The song amused me, and I requested that my acquaintance would have the goodness to favour me with a copy. "Certainly," he replied, and a day or two afterwards, when I met him, presented me with one. The rest of his

story was simply, that he had subsequently been taken considerable notice of by Bonaparte, and, having distinguished himself at the battle of Austerlitz, had been raised from the ranks.

When we left the *café* we strolled up together to the High Town, upon the *place* of which stood what is called in France *Le Carcan*.—This is a species of pillory, in which criminals are exposed when their sentence includes this preliminary proceeding. The man who was then standing in this instrument had been found guilty of a robbery, and was to be imprisoned for five years. A few persons were standing round, but did not appear particularly interested by the spectacle.

“These are no new sights to you,” said my companion to me: “I have been in London myself, and I am well acquainted with the English taste for sights of this kind; *ma foi!* even your women seemed to me to be as fond of them as the men.”

I endeavoured as well as I could to parry this attack, by assuring him that as to the latter part of what he had said, he must have been misinformed.

“ *Parbleu, non !*” he replied ; “ why, I saw it with my own eyes. I was one morning going to what you call the city, I suppose because it is an island. When I was arrived at the corner of a little street which turns out of your *Rue de Flotte*, I perceived a great crowd of persons all down the *rue*, and raised above them a scaffolding. Several ladies, *très comme il faut*, pressed by me; and one said, ‘ We shall be too late, how unfortunate !’ As I wish to see the spectacles of the countries I visit, I went into the street, where I expected to see, perhaps, *les Jongleurs Indiens faire des tours*. *Mais je fus frappé*. A man was just struggling upon the *potence* in the agonies of death, while the windows of the houses all round were filled with women. *C’est tout-à-fait unique*, I said to myself, and hastened

away; but the rest of all that day I was much surprised to see men running about through the streets with a paper fastened to their hats, representing the hanging man and uttering loud cries, who, I concluded, were his accomplices, that had thus been branded, and were compelled to make a public confession of their guilt."

I was silenced and mortified: but, in order to have my blow too, I said; "At all events, I doubt if such instances of credulity and folly would be found in England as this very town lately exhibited. A friend told me that he happened to be at a banker's one day, about the period that Thistlewood"—*'C'est lui-même,'* cried my companion, *'que j'ai vu.'* I continued—"that Thistlewood was condemned to die. Some wag had spread a report that the convicted person had offered a reward of twenty thousand pounds each to three persons who would consent to draw lots to take his place, and an additional ten thousand to him upon

whom the performance of the condition might fall ; and several peasants positively came into the banker's, requesting to know if he were not the person employed to pay the money, saying, *C'est une triste chose que la mort, mais, diable ! je pourrais gagner deux cent mille francs.*"

"*C'est possible que cela,*" said the officer when I concluded, "*mais des dames se plaire à voir pendre !* You must avow that such a taste is *parfaitement* English." I had nothing to reply, and we parted rather upon bad terms.

"And now," said my friend the pedestrian, "I am afraid I must take my leave of you. I propose setting out to-morrow for Nice, on my way to Venice, where I am going."

This communication was unexpected and unwelcome to me, as I felt that I should probably relapse into my former depression and misery. It is great weakness for a man to yield utterly to these in common cases ; and even in my singular and melancholy one, I have struggled

hard, but the labour is with me so hopeless as to this world—it is so like that of the slave compelled to work in order to save a sinking vessel, that when I have no companion, and such I find it difficult to find, my heart sinks, and I give up the contest. I requested my friend to favour me with his correspondence, which he promised, and we parted towards evening in mutual regret.

CHAPTER XXIV.

APRIL 10th.—I have written nothing here for some time past. I became indolent and indifferent after my friend's departure, and have not once entered the city. The spring has rapidly advanced, the heat of the sun is becoming intense, the vines begin to freshen, and the almond-trees are all in blossom. I may exclaim with Surrey,

“ And thus I see, among these pleasant things,
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs ;”

every thing feels the reviving approach of the new life of nature but myself. Once I could welcome it with all the pure joy and transport which it communicates to the artless and happy : the green springing corn, the opening bud, the

triumphant skylark floating and singing at Heaven's gates above me, used to make my blood flow faster, and my heart beat with the anticipation of warmth, and perfumed gardens, and dark woods and shining rivers, where I might ramble and roam "one long summer's day of indolence and ease." I thought not of the world as a struggle and temptation; I saw not, knew not the real world. While others sought for employments and ambitious distinctions, while they fluttered and danced and trifled in promenades and balls, my pleasure was to wander away among shady lanes and meadows and babbling streams. I remember I used to fly from the bustle and gaieties of Leamington, where I once was, and hasten to the decayed turrets of Kenilworth, which lay near; and there my imagination peopled the grass-grown halls and chambers with many a knightly form. But my humour was misunderstood: when I was only shy, I was considered sullen; and when my heart was full of

affection and disposition to do well, I was believed selfish, unfeeling, and cold. I was wilful, because I loved what was natural in preference to the artificial enjoyments amidst which I was placed, and sighed for the ties of affection and social life. But enough of this, and let me walk forth.



I returned much fatigued from my morning's expedition. I ascended the rock which lies at the mouth of the harbour, and visited the chapel and fort of Notre Dame. The path to it was steep and stony; and had not one of those mists which sometimes hang about the sun shaded me, I should have found the ascent at mid-day impossible. The fort is small, and without any cannon. Upon its gate is painted a sentinel, and the importance of the post has been thus described by a French poet :

Gouvernement commode et beau,
A qui suffit pour toute garde
Un Suisse avec sa hallebarde
Peint à la porte du Château.

The chapel which I entered is small, and hung round with numerous votive offerings and paintings,—models of ships, whose originals had been preserved from wreck by the assistance of the Virgin ; pictures of persons dying and consoled by angels ; of a man delivered from some imminent danger, while the Saviour or saint appears in a cloud above.

Some of the Catalans were kneeling there, and perhaps making some vow. These Catalans, whom I have mentioned before, are a distinct and peculiar race. They are the fishermen of Marseilles. They live on the outside of the walls upon the coast, in a long collection of houses enclosed within a gate, and entirely separated from the other inhabitants of the neigh-

bourhood. They have courts of their own, in which one of the most respectable of the patrons or master fishermen presides, and is called *Prud'homme* (an abridgement of *Prudent homme*.) This court is only, however, for the trial of disputes among themselves, and its decision is announced in these simple words by the *Prud'homme*, "*La ley vous coundano*." It is usually upon Sunday afternoon, and a fee of two *sous* is paid by the plaintiff and defendant.

Coming out of the chapel, I stood gazing upon the various objects which there present themselves:—The harbour, the old black town, the graceful and fair modern city looking down with refined contempt and superciliousness upon her unpolished neighbour, the scorched smoking mountains in the distance shutting in the myriads of bastides, with their endless walls, and their scattered fig-trees, and closed shutters. Then spreading before me, the wide Mediterranean, with the Quarantine Islands, whose

anchored ships looked like some of those dark and fatal vessels which used to convey devoted victims to the monster, or the fire, while the white and sparkling sails of those which contained no sin flitted along the horizon like summer insects.

Upon the quays beneath, six or seven of the Atlantæan porters of Marseilles were nodding along with their huge burthen,—a vast trunk of a tree. These men are peculiar to Provence, and I never saw any who might compete with them, except perhaps the Titan draymen of London. Yet their nourishment is very slight,—a bunch of grapes, some bread, and a little wine, being sufficient to recruit the strength of their enormous limbs. As they bear along their load, slung by ropes between them, divided in two lines, each man lays his hand upon the shoulder of him on the other side of the trunk, who places his in the same manner. Then the wild cries of the sailors as they were heaving the merchan-

dise from their vessels, echoed up to the rock, and brought to my recollection the time when I had heard them in the midst of tempest and the dark Biacay.

It was an animated varied scene. Stern rocks, white bastides, freshening gardens, a noble city, a crowded harbour, fishermen, soldiers, priests, merchants, mingled together; while as the noon came on, shouts of *père, père, tutte caude, tutte caude,—poires, poires, toutes chaudes*, proceeding from the true Provençale women that were issuing out of the narrow defiles of the old town. And on the other side the silent sea, waiting in deceitful and crouching stillness for some of its destined prey: for that smooth polished surface, that looked as if it could bear the trusting foot, might ere long be broken into yawning abysses, and swallowing up whole navies.

The gradual approach of a storm is indeed an awful and mysterious sight. We behold the

effect produced by an unseen agent, we see innocence and tranquillity transformed into destructiveness and fury. Let the materialist, the man who says he has no soul, but that his thoughts, words, and deeds, are the mere effects of mechanism and matter,—let him stand upon the lofty mountain, and from thence let him look out upon the world of waters; let him see them sleeping quietly and placidly, harmless and beautiful: then let him behold them rearing themselves in dark and gloomy ridges, whitening and roaring, crashing together, and leaping up against the cliff upon which he stands, and scattering their foam and spray along the sandy shore. Then ask him what it is that has caused this mighty change; if it be merely the operation of chance and necessary change from one extreme to the other, or if there be not “a wind that bloweth where it listeth, though no man can tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth:” and if he acknowledge that there is, but looks

upon the scene before him as a simile to, and not an illustration of himself, then leave him to enjoy his mechanism as he may.

12th.—I have this morning received a letter from my friend, dated from Turin. He seems in high spirits, and speaks in raptures of his journey. "I set out from Chambéry," he says, "on foot. I had gone thither in the public carriage; but as you know that my funds require management and that I prefer at all times walking, I determined upon going as far as this city in that way. I had a delicious ramble along the rich winding valley of La Maurienne, living chiefly upon milk which I procured in the cabins of the poor *goitreuse* Savoyards. Shut up within their narrow defiles, with no noise or tumult to disturb them, but the rushing of the Arque or mountain torrent which rolls through the valley, or the blowing of the wintry wind, they pass their lives in innocence and ignorance, with no riches but their goats,

and no ambition but that of having the best milk.

“You will be induced to think from my passionate description of this mountain life, that my date is a false one, and that I am imitating your friend the hermit. But I am afraid that though in speculation I may admire the simple life of these Savoyards, from comparing it with my own restless and wandering one, yet were I to practise it, I much fear that its charms would vanish away; for I am just as delighted with this gay bustling city, as I was with the valley of La Maurienne.

“I arrived here four days ago. I crossed the Mount Cenis on foot, but ascended by a wild rugged path with a muleteer, who was driving his mules to Susa. By the by, I must tell you that I was wonderfully amused to find a little English woman in the Inn at Lanslebourg, which is a village at the base of the Alps, where formerly asses were employed to transport the

baggage of travellers, and thence it derives its name *Les ordes anes le Bourg*. The English woman is married to the master of the inn, and is just as active and landlady like, as if she were upon the Great North Road.

To return to my muleteer.—Giving his mules two or three smart lashes with his whip, they scrambled and stumbled up the stony rock like goats, while we followed them a little more cautiously. The man told me that he had been employed once to *ramasser* Bonaparte; and I asked him how he felt while they were gliding down. “I felt,” said the man, “as if I were the *plus grand homme de mon pays, car j’avais le plus grand homme du monde sous ma garde*.” And indeed, it was certain, that any false manœuvre of this *ramasseur* might have precipitated the second Hannibal from his Alpine chariot, and preserved the world from fields of carnage, and himself from future moral ruin, and headlong descent. The road across the

mountain which he made, is a glorious memorial of him. Indeed, all who travel on the Continent may exclaim with the Scotch inscription,

“ Had you seen these roads before they were made,
You'd lift up your hands, and bless General Wade,”
—or Buonaparte. For he has done wonders; the Alps, the Mountains of Tarar, in the Lyonnais, the beautiful road along the banks of the Rhine, and the unfinished and magnificent one over the Genoese Alps, from Nice to Genoa, all attest his vast and enterprising genius. But the particular work which I have just passed is perfect. Avalanches checked, precipices avoided or guarded against, a road as wide as any moderate-sized one in the plains beneath, regulations established by him, and kept up by the King of Sardinia, for its safety and that of the traveller, —such are the benefits which he who crosses the Mont Cenis must acknowledge. There are about twenty-five huts in different stations along

the road, which may afford refuge during the snow-storms. There is likewise a company of Cantonniers, commanded by an officer, who are constantly employed during the winter in clearing away the snow ; and strong tall posts are fixed at intervals all along, to mark the direction of the road, when concealed by a recent heavy fall of it. There are two small inns upon the summit : I dined at one of them, upon some of the trout of the lake, which was still frozen over. The road proceeds along the *plateau* of the mountain. At the hamlet of La Grande Croix, it begins to descend, and winds down sometimes upon the brink of the most terrific precipices, which are furnished with a stone parapet.

Just before entering Piedmont, one catches the first glimpse of Italy. To the left of the descent, the Valley of the Cenise is seen as far as Susa. I could have shouted with the Trojans, "*Italia, Italia!*" When I first looked to-

wards the distant Paradise, the afternoon was still and warm ; and as I slowly dropped down the mountain, I indulged in those luxurious visions. I was then, at last, upon the point of setting my feet upon the birth-place of Cato, of Cicero, of Camillus ; and I exclaimed, as the plain opened itself upon me, and I could see as far as the *Superga*, which stands above the Po,

“ Salve, magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus,
Magna virûm :”

I reached Susa about five in the evening ; and after visiting a Roman arch, which is in excellent preservation, strolled into the church : it was the eve of Good Friday, and I entered just as a procession which had been making the tour of the town had returned. The Virgin, whom they had been carrying about, was in grand costume, all flowers and beads and gilding, as fine as a tragedy queen at a fair ; but there was something intoxicating in the warm glow of the sky which fell upon the group within the church,

as with their veils and hoods thrown back they chaunted some hymn, and glanced occasionally with their black Italian eyes upon the English strangers, of whom there were several looking upon the ceremony besides myself.

There are, perhaps, no two contrasts so strong as those which France and England present, the moment one has passed the sea, and Savoy and Italy, when the traveller descends into the valley of Susa. The two barriers which are the causes of this striking difference, are alike seldom passed by the peasantry; there is no gradual mingling and blending of the manners of one country into another; all is abrupt and isolated. This sudden change more particularly struck me while I was within the church of Susa, and afterwards, as I paced along its streets, surrounded by painted walls, rich Madonna faces, green and flowery gardens, a softer dialect, a more graceful air; in fine, the characteristics of the land of poets and painters. But a few hours

before, I was among rude wooden huts, squalid people, bleak mountains overhanging dark and barren defiles, a French *patois*, coarse food, and all the marks of a poor and unfavoured country.

“ I dined in the evening at the *table d’hôte* of the Inn, where I found the other English travellers. Some of them had arrived in their travelling carriages, and some by the diligence. Diligence ! I think I hear you exclaim,—diligence among the Alps ! Even so, my friend ; and the old blunder of the schoolboy could now be verified, for Hannibal certainly might pass these *montes præruptæ summâ diligentia*—upon the top of the diligence.

Our dinner was amusing, as it afforded me an opportunity of observing the different characters present. The real *Milords*, who had condescended to dine at the same table with the stage-coach people, sat retired apart, and whispered together in the most *gentlemanly* manner. They had their *Cotty Rotty*, as one of them

called it, that is *Côte Rotie*, and looked round with as much contempt upon us and our inferior wines, as a man does at a tavern when he is beginning his dinner with salmon, while his neighbour evidently intends to allow himself nothing but a beef-steak.

“ There was near me, however, one Englishman who had come in the diligence, and who assumed that sort of air which a person who considers himself a considerable traveller often does. He shook his head at the soup, slowly savoured the wine, earnestly recommended some pigeons *à la Crapaudine* which stood near him, and instituted a comparison between the long pipes of bread which one finds upon entering Piedmont, and the *petits pains au lait* of Paris. He then commenced a political argument with a dark whiskered Frenchman opposite to him, and, intending to pay the compliment of a citizen of the world to his opponent, he said, “ *Mais tout corps faut doute moins dire que la Angleterre et*

la France sont les deux plus grandes Potences de la Europe." There was a general tendency to break out into a roar of laughter among those who heard him; and the explosion took place with stunning violence, when the Frenchman gravely replied, that "*En vérité, la potence d'Angleterre allait toujours bien, mais celle de France* was a little less flourishing since the unhappy days of the guillotine." The poor discomfited Englishman, who had by this time discovered his mistake, said no more, and took the first opportunity of retreating from the room.

"I passed the night at the Inn, during which I heard some of the *tourmentes* rumbling and rushing in the mountains above; and the next morning continued my route towards Turin, passing by two or three villages with ruined chateaux above them, and Rivoli, the castle of which once served as a prison of an abdicated king of Sardinia, Amadeus the Second, who was confined there by his son. Abdication seems to

be very fashionable among these princes ; I think history mentions three or four who have descended from their thrones, besides the late instance.

“ From Rivoli the road runs in a straight line to Turin, the baby capital of the Sardinian dominions. I entered it as a procession was passing along ; and besides the priests, and tapers, and canopies, there was a train of young girls with long white veils, who were educated by the Government, each carrying a white wax *cierge*, and looking like fair nuns performing their noviciate.

“ I was too much fatigued to roam about the city that evening, so I remained at the *Buona Fama*, as the Italians call the *Bonne Femme*, one of the inns of Turin.

“ The next morning I strolled about, and from the Piazza del Castello enjoyed the singular appearance which the rectangular correctness of the streets presents, and the tall bastions of Italy, standing sternly at the end of the long view

from the gate of the Doria. There is another noble *place* here, that of Saint Charles, and a beautiful chapel dedicated to Saint Seraine. The theatre is one of the finest in Italy : I believe, indeed, it is the third ; *La Scala* at Milan and that of *San Carlos* at Naples ranking the two first. It is unfortunately closed ; but I have been at a little theatre called *del Principe Carignano*, where some of Goldoni's pieces are very well represented. There is another house where Operas are now performed—I was there last night. We had an *Opera Buffa* called *La Foresta di Hermanstad*, the music of which is by Coccia. It was prettily done, and seemed well attended ; but the Court is at Genoa now.

“I have been likewise to see the Church of the Superga, which stands upon a high hill on the right bank of the river Po. There is a light elegant bridge over this river, built by the indefatigable Buonaparte. The Superga is a very beautiful structure, and contains the tombs

of the Kings of Piedmont, who seem to wish to take heaven by storm, so high are their bones laid. The man who attended me through them pointed out to my attention the chamber of the family Carignano; and this made me say,— ‘But where is the Prince now?’ as you will recollect that he was implicated in the late Revolution. ‘*Si dice,*’ replied the man, ‘*che fa viaggio per la sua sanità;*’ and I thought the answer could not have been more appropriate to his situation, if my guide had intended to say something sharp. The Prince is, I believe, endeavouring to restore his *health* at Florence; he is married to a daughter of the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

“I was much pleased with the Superga, but infinitely more so with the beautiful prospect from its terrace: the rich plains of Lombardy, with the *Fluviorum Rex Eridanus*, and the Alpine Doria, the green-wooded banks, the city with its cupolas and surrounding chateaux, and

the white villages scattered away even to the Alps, which spread themselves along the boundary of the plain like giant sentinels suddenly petrified into snow and stillness. And, indeed, they have but ill kept the watch which Nature would seem to have assigned to them. First, Hannibal passed them, while the avalanches and *tourmentes* spared the bold Africans, of whom it might have been said, as of the fallen Angels, that they

“ Raised impious war in Heaven, and battle proud
With vain attempt.”

But the attempt was not always to be vain ; Transalpine armies, one after the other, have scaled the once impregnable fortress ; and the very church upon whose terrace I stood, had been erected to commemorate a defeat which the French or Gauls had sustained under the walls of Turin. Poor Italy!—nothing now remains of thy boasted Republics, but

“ Towns unmann’d and lords without a slave !”

Emigration, oppression, and a foreign yoke, have defaced and degraded "this most replenished sweet work of Nature" into petty principalities and subject provinces. But, concludes my friend, I fear you will find my letter already too long,—so, till my next, adieu."

CHAPTER XXV.

APRIL 30th.—I made a little excursion as far as Aix the other day. This city lies at about fifteen miles distance from Marseilles, in the centre of a valley, through which a small river called the Arc runs. I was curious to visit it, as its name has been often mentioned in the accounts of the Troubadours which I have occasionally met with.

I arrived there about the middle of the day ; and, having taken a slight dinner, rambled over the town. The first object which strikes the stranger, is the magnificent entrance into the city. A rich screen of iron railing and gateway separates the *Orbitelle*, or *Cours*, which the traveller first meets with as he comes from the North, from the high road. Upon the outside

of this gateway, at some distance, and in a conspicuous position, is placed a tall crucifix, with an image of the suffering Saviour nailed upon it, and an inscription is placed beneath it, commemorating the pious care of the missionaries under whose superintendence it was erected. The more devout and humble peasants, as they pass it on their way to the market, uncover themselves, and, making the usual sign of the cross, murmur a short prayer.

Passing through the railing, four avenues of the *Orbitelle* present themselves. This noble promenade derives its name from the following circumstance :—A Cardinal Mazarin, brother to the cardinal of that name, was archbishop of the diocese of Aix, at a time when the houses which line each side of the *Cours* were being constructed. One day, as he was going in solemn *procession*, attended by his priests, to lay the first stone of one of the gates of the city, near the new buildings, the sudden springing of a mine

burst open and rent the rocks which were near the holy train, who fled probably in superstitious alarm. The populace, who, however bigoted and subservient they may be to their spiritual guides, never let any occasion of sarcasm and merriment pass unnoticed, immediately exclaimed, that the archbishop's enterprise had failed like his father's at Orbitello, a town in Italy, the siege of which he had been obliged to raise. Since that period, its present name of *Orbitelle* has always been attached to it and the surrounding quarter.

This anecdote brings to my recollection another of the same description, which is related to have happened at Marseilles. During the siege of that city by the Constable of Bourbon, who, like Coriolanus, commanded the armies of the enemies of his country, the Imperial troops were encouraged in their tedious blockade by Bourbon, who openly boasted that the Consuls of the city would presently bring him the keys. No-

thing of the sort, however, seemed likely to happen; and the Constable's promises became the subject of ridicule in the camp. Pescara, who commanded jointly with Bourbon, was engaged in examining the works of the besieged place at a distance, when a battery, which he had not observed, opened its fire upon him and his attendants, and killed one of them. Upon which the Spanish general ordered some of his train to collect two of the balls, and, having covered them with a cloth, to present them with great solemnity and state to Bourbon, informing him at the same time, that they were the keys of Marseilles, which the Consuls humbly desired his acceptance of. The siege was shortly after raised.

The *Cours* is planted with four rows of noble elms, and lined on either side by some of the finest houses in the town. About the centre of it stands a fountain of warm water, which rises probably from the same source as that which

supplies the baths, which were formerly very famous, and, having been particularly attended to by a Roman governor called Sextius, gave the name of *Aquæ Sextiæ* to the city, which is now modernised into Aix. Some years ago, the proprietor of some ground near this fountain sunk a well in his soil, which produced cold water, but the warm spring immediately failed. The inhabitants, to whom its waters were a great convenience and even saving, were much annoyed by this circumstance, and agreed to pay this inconvenient neighbour a sum of money to fill up his well; and, upon this being done, the good *Bourgeoises* of Aix had the pleasure of seeing their buckets full of smoking water again.

The *Orbitelle* is the great mall of fashion; several *cafés* are among the houses at the side, from whence on a Sunday evening pour out troops of idlers. But, as a person remarked to me, whom I happened to speak to, I should have seen this promenade before the Revolution, when

Aix had its own parliament. More than a hundred splendid equipages used to parade slowly along the stately avenues, filled with the descendants of all the most illustrious families of Provence. Madame de Grignon, too, was among them, the immortalized daughter of Madame de Sévigné; for Monsieur de Grignon was governor of Provence. But Aix suffered like the rest of the fair cities of France in the great moral earthquake; her parliament disappeared, her nobles and princes perished upon the scaffold or wandered over foreign countries, her monuments of poetry and beauty were defaced and destroyed, and nothing now graces the *Orbitelle* on the *Dimanche*, but a few old Counts on foot, the rumbling chest of a coach of some ancient dame who has contrived to retain a part of her demesnes, a number of English characters *en pension* in the families of the *noblesse*, and a host of students belonging to the University of Law, there being one there.

I happened to have arrived on Sunday, and

continuing my walk through the town, I entered the cathedral church of St. Sauveur. Mass was being performed, and the Archbishop sat enthroned in archiepiscopal state at the upper end of the choir, on the right end of the altar. At certain periods of the service he rose and made some low bows to the altar, upon which the priests bowed, and the little assistants bowed, and the Pontiff's footmen who stood close to the throne bowed, and the tall moustachioed *hallebarde* man, and the people;—in short, it was something like the Court of the Chinese Emperor Ching. Now, in Paris, this mummary would have excited ridicule among the great mass of the congregation; for it occurred so often that it became quite ludicrous to me, who am generally disposed to look upon all the ceremonies of religion with respect. But among the Provençals the spirit of devotion is much stronger than that of the northern parts of France; their Saints are more numerous, their

fêtes more splendid, and they have, in spite of the purifying fan of the Revolution, retained or recovered all their ancient veneration for reliques and holy things. Indeed it is in general found that the people of warm countries are more wedded to the mysterious superstitions of their religion than those of northern regions.

All religion is intimately connected with poetry, at least in its origin. The first prayers were songs either of thanksgiving or lamentation; and the glowing imagination, and "Souls made of fire of the Children of the Sun," prompted them to pour out their penitence or joy in all the imagery and imaginative language of the East. Now, since the Muses were cradled and nourished in Greece, and since from thence is derived the system of Pagan Mythology, which abounds in Gods, and temples, and hymns, and all the pomp of sacrifice; and as the people of Provence are descended from Greeks, and were the first poets of France,—it is not surprising to

find among them so many legends which partake partly of a Pagan and partly of a Christian character, and which assist in keeping alive the flame which their own burning skies never cease to feed. All their passions, all their feelings, are stronger than those of colder people; the very simple circumstance of taking off the hat and repeating a prayer as the southern peasant passes the Christ crucified, is a striking instance of this imaginative devotion.

The church of St. Sauveur is, like all other cathedrals, cold, solemn, and abounding in traces of the Republican hostility, during the reign of reason, to statues and tombs. But much of this devastation is gradually disappearing under the pious care of the Archbishop, and the attention of some of the respectable inhabitants of Aix. It contains a monument which has lately been put up to Peiresc, who was born in Provence and died at Aix. He was a liberal and enlightened patron of the arts, and his ca-

binet of medals was reckoned one of the finest in the world. Peiresc was buried in the church of the Dominicans; but the unsparing hand of anarchy overthrew the white marble tomb which had been erected above his ashes. At his death the Academy of Rome caused a funeral oration in his praise to be pronounced, and his memory will be ever honoured by the antiquary.

As I was returning from the cathedral, the Archbishop passed me in his carriage. He was going out to visit a college which he has established near the city, or at least which he principally supports with his revenues. These amount to about two thousand pounds; but little for so high an ecclesiastical dignity, when compared with the incomes of the English bishops. But indeed the French clergy of the present day are by no means rich: the days when bishops were courtiers, and paraded through the streets of Paris in splendid equipages, are past; both they and the *Curés* are now lessened, as well in

importance as in wealth, and are obliged to live cautiously and correctly, in order to stem the general tendency in France to despise them.

I passed the night at a small inn kept by an old woman, who, seeing that I was in bad health, treated me as if I were her own son. I had my fire of olive-wood, as the evening had become cold ; an old book written by Nostradamus, which she brought forth from a dark chest ; and even some tea. My old hostess had lived through the Revolution ; and mournfully did she talk of the former splendour of Aix. She showed me two dragon-footed chairs covered with rich faded tapestry, that she said had formerly belonged to Monsieur de la Tour du Pin, one of the noblest families of Dauphiné. "I remember well," said she, "that the poor lady was concealed in my house after the destruction of the chateau ; and when the Marseillois used to come in and drink death to all the aristocrats, I used to tremble so ; for if they had

known there was one in the house, they would have hanged us all up by the lamp among the trees.”—“ And was she preserved ?” said I.

“ O yes, God be praised !” replied the old woman ; “ she disguised herself as a servant, and, as her person was not known at Marseilles, she went and lived there ; and some time after, when matters came round again, she recovered some of her property, and now resides in Paris.”

I began to be rather tired, however, of the garrulous old lady, which she, no doubt, perceived, for she soon left me to myself. I turned over the pages of the book, which contained some curious old prophecies. Nostradamus was a great favourite with Henry the Second, who sent for him to Paris, and gave him two hundred golden crowns for his pay. Stephen Jodelle, a contemporary poet with the prophet, made this satirical distich upon him,—

Nostra damus, cum falsa damus, nam fallere nostrum
est,

Et cum falsa damus, nil nisi nostra damus.

Nostradamus was born at Salon in Provence, and buried there. He was supposed to have predicted the fate of *Cinq Mars*, in the reign of Louis the Thirteenth, in these lines:—

“ Quand robe rouge aura passé fenêtre
Fort malingreux, mais non pas de la touse,
A quarante onces on tranchera la tête,
Et de trop près le suivra de Thou.”

The Cardinal Richelieu was, at the time of the conspiracy of *Cinq Mars*, ill, and carried in a litter in the King's suite: his bed was introduced into the hotels through the window. Forty ounces make five marks, or *Cinq Mars*, and De Thou was beheaded shortly after *Cinq Mars*. This De Thou was the son of the famous President De Thou; and it was said that the true reason which made Cardinal Richelieu bring him to the block, was not because he had concealed *Cinq Mars's* conspiracy, which had been com-

municated to him, but because the president, in his account of the plot of Amboise, speaking of a great uncle of the Cardinal, had thus characterized him. “*Antonius Plessiacus Richelius, vulgò dictus monachus, quòd eam vitam professus fuisset, dein voto ejurato, omni licentiæ ac libidinis genere contaminasset.*” And that Richelieu, like the wolf in the fable, made the son suffer for the father’s offence.

I retired to bed early, and was amused to observe a black crucifix, with a little *benetier* for holy water, fastened above my pillow against the wall. The next morning, after breakfasting upon coffee and some of the nice bread of Aix, I strolled toward the Public Library.

I was anxious to discover something about the Troubadours; and, upon entering, proceeded up to the Librarian, and asked him some questions respecting their poetry. He seemed a great enthusiast in all which related to the old Provençal language; and showed me a poem

which he had written in praise of silk-worms, or *Magnans*, as they are called in Provençal. These precious insects appear to have furnished frequent occasion to the poets of these warm provinces for description: among others, Antonio Alena, a native of the country round Toulon, has composed a sort of Georgic upon them, giving directions how they should be treated, and relating their manners, as Virgil did those of the bees.

The Librarian shewed me a collection of old Troubadour songs, and annals relating to the courts of love, which used to be held at Aix. The courts were presided by the Princess or Countess of Provence; and among others, Beatrix of Savoy, the wife of Raymond Berenger the Fifth, the last Count of Provence, is particularly handed down as a patroness of song, and a poetess. They were attended by all the brightest and noblest ladies of the principality, who sat as judges upon all disputes concerning

love and beauty:—as, for instance, if two knights were at issue respecting the comparative brightness of the eyes or richness of the complexion of their respective mistresses, they both came into the court, and in alternate verses, as the shepherds of Virgil, contended each for the superiority. The decisions of the fair and learned judges were always given according to the common law of gallantry and chivalry; and they have been *reported*, in a poem entitled *Les Arrêts d'Amour*, by Martial of Paris, or Auvergne, as he is indifferently styled. In examining the collection which the Librarian had put into my hand, I met with the following curious *suit at love*.

Savari de Manleau, a noble of Poitou, loved a fair dame of Gascony. Savari imagined that the lady was as fond as himself; but the fraudulent Viscountess had wilfully and maliciously inspired hopes into two other Knights; and upon one occasion, when they were all three present

before her, coquetted with every one. They, as the report states, did not perceive this, till, upon quitting the coquette's apartment, two of them boasted of the kind words and glances which had just been bestowed upon them. The third, (Savari,) astonished and displeased at this unexpected language, proceeded directly to consult his two professional men, Hugo of Bachelori and Gaucelin Faidet; and laid before them his case in the following manner :

Gaucelin très jocz enamoratz
Partix à vos et à d'Ugo
E quascus prendetz lo plus bo,
E laysatz me qual que us vulhatz;
Qu' una dame a très preyadors,
E destrenh la tan los amors.
Que, quan tūg trey li son denan,
A quascun fai d'amor sembian;
L'un es grand amorosamen,
L' autr' estrenh la man doussamen.
Al tertz caussing à 'l pe rizen,
Diguatz al qual pus aissies
Fai maior amor de tug tres.

Which may be thus translated :

Gaucelin, three youths whom love doth grieve,
Of learned Hugo ask, and thee,
To name the fairest of the three,
And as ye will the others leave.
We all to one bright Princess kneel,
But she her choice doth so conceal—
Smiling on all—accepting none—
She seems to love us every one.
The first's a Saint, and talks of masses ;
The next her hand so softly presses ;
The third with sonnets her addresses.
Now, gentle Gaucelin, prythee say,
Whose skill should bear the prize away ?

The two poets, Hugo and Gaucelin, accordingly, having been thus retained, conducted the case with great ingenuity ; but I do not find judgment thereon reported. It was perhaps delayed, and leave given to *impart*.

These singular contests were called *tourney-amens*, and probably gave their name to the chivalrous onset in the list. For the Provençal

Troubadours were certainly the founders of that spirit of romance and enterprising devotion to the fair sex, which was the great characteristic of the Knightly Creed; or rather, they first spread its influence through Europe. For it appears that we derive that species of poetry and imagination from the Arabs.

It would seem indeed that the two great fountains of song sprang up in the North and the East. The ancient Scandinavians, as they quaffed their dark juice of the pine in the Hall of Skulls, chanted the praises of the warlike God Odin; and their descendants, among whom we may reckon the English, have retained the peculiar tone of composition which distinguished the northern nations;—for it was not till considerably after the Norman conquest, that our poets became acquainted with the lyrical and gentle style of the Troubadours, who had been first introduced into Provence upon the marriage of Raymond Berenger, Count of Barcelona

with Douce, one of the two daughters of Gilbert, Count of Provence, who died without male heirs. Raymond introduced into his new dominions the arts and sciences which the Arabs had spread through Spain ; and the warm skies and fiery blood of Provence easily adopted the glowing language and imagery of the East. But the compositions of the new minstrels were chiefly amatory ; they had neither taste nor inclination for epic poetry : and while, in England and the northern nations, the monks, amidst the gloom of the cloister, wrote annals in verse, while the early English poets sung the praises of ruffe kings and their banquets, who “ women ne kept of” the Troubadour thought only of love and ladies, and celebrated the feats of gallantry which he himself had performed, and the yielding tenderness of some bright beauty. But Chaucer first, by translating much of the old French poetry into English, introduced, or engrafted upon the northern plant, the sweet blo-

som of the east; and thus is it that while France has continued, as it were, to feel the influence of her ancient prevailing taste for light and amatory song, that being her chief poetic excellence, England has produced poems both epic and lyric, both stately and tender, which place her upon the highest pinnacle of Parnassus.

I have been unexpectedly led into these thoughts concerning the origin of modern poetry, which have often presented themselves to my mind, but which I had never before followed up. Let me return to what my memory may yet retain of Aix.

When I quitted the library, I walked out beyond the city into the country. There was a mist about the sun, and its heat was thus softened. The olive-trees were putting out their leaves but slowly, for they were much injured last winter; numbers of them were killed by a frost severer than had been known to have visited these countries for years.

As I strolled along, a peasant passed me driving an ass, and he frequently called out "*Anda, Ambron, anda,*" and thus brought to my recollection the defeat which the Ambrônes and Cimbri are said to have sustained in the neighbourhood of Aix. They were routed by Marius, and so great was the slaughter, that the district where the battle is supposed to have taken place is still called *Malcoosse*, which is probably a corruption of *Mala ossa*. Upon the summit of a lofty mountain, which looks down upon Aix, was erected a temple, that, in its object like the *Superga*, mentioned in my friend's letter, was destined to commemorate this remarkable victory. It was the Temple of Victory, and was seen at a great distance at sea by mariners, who, the moment they espied it, saluted it with shouts of "*Lou deloubrou de la victoire!*" *deloubrou*, in the old language of Provence, meaning temple.

The country about Aix is rich and agreeable, and there are a few really pretty *châteaux*, not bar-

ren and bare as those about Marseilles, but surrounded by verdure, and frequently water. The river Arc, which runs through the valley, and is wild and overhung by steep rugged banks, flows into the Durance; which latter river is at a very inconsiderable distance from the city. From the heights around, Aix presents a very interesting appearance: the tower of the church of Saint John is a beautiful object, shooting up into the calm clear sky, dark and Gothic, above the white streets and the trees of the *Cours*.

René, who was Count of Provence, in the fifteenth century, resided at Aix; and instituted that extraordinary procession which takes place upon the *Fête Dieu*, or rather *la fête du Saint Sacrement*. This *fête* was originally established on account of the following circumstance. In the thirteenth century, about 1208, a pious sister of the Order of Saint John of Mount Cornillon, at Liege, beheld, in a dream, the moon with a large chasm, or rent in it, during two successive

years ; and much did it perplex her. At last, however, she discovered that the Holy Sacrament was typified by the moon, and that the rent signified the sad deficiency in the ritual which prescribed no express festival for its public celebration. She however, as we are told, kept this secret for twenty years, and never discovered it till she was sure that her superior penetration could not impede her advancement ; namely, till she became Lady Prioress of the Convent of Mount Cornillon. Then indeed she made it known ; and a Bishop of Liège, in 1246, established a *fête du Saint Sacrement*, which was not, however, introduced into France till 1318.

The procession to which I allude was established by René, as a religious and instructive lesson to the people. It consists of a long train of heathen Gods and Goddesses, and the Devil is also introduced, who parade through the streets upon the evening preceding the *fête*, but

who are all supposed to be put to flight by the approach of the following holy day ; upon which the same individuals appear again in solemn show, but dressed as Saints and Apostles. This ceremony bears some resemblance to the *Fête des Anes*, which was established at Sens, and to those which took place in Scotland even, during the dominion of the Roman Catholic religion. They were first invented by the Priests, to discountenance theatrical shows and amusements ; and it is singular that these very ceremonies of their own establishment should have tended eventually to throw additional ridicule and contempt upon themselves,—since they were frequently the vehicles of Presbyterian triumph. And as to the hymns which were sung at them, their music was afterwards applied to songs of a very different description. But it is curious that during the wars of the League, the amorous adventures of the Duke d'Epemon were chanted in the cathedral church of Saint Sauveur at

Aix ; and during that period, and considerably after, subjects of the most profane kind were introduced into sermons. One of the most singular discourses which I ever remember to have heard or read is the following, in which a Priest announced the death of Pic de la Mirandola :

“ Io vi voglio rivelare un secreto, che a qui non ho voluto dirlo, perche non ho avuto tanta certezza come ho avuto da dieci hora in quà. Ciascuno di voi credo che conoscete il Conte Giovanni della Mirandola, che stava qui in Firenze, ed è morto pochi giorni sono. Dicovi che l' anima sua per le orazioni dei Frati, ed anche per alcune sue buone opere che fece in questa vita e per altre cagioni, è nel purgatorio. Orate pro eo !”

CHAPTER XXVI.

UPON my return from Aix, I found a letter awaiting me from my friend the pedestrian, dated Venice. After enquiring kindly after my health and spirits, he thus continues :—

I think that the old proverb of “ *Vede Napoli e poi mori* ” might be just as correctly applied to the city from whence I now write : there is no other like it ; and, when others hurry to Rome, Naples, and Florence, as the only objects of interest, they neglect the most singular and beautiful city which Italy contains. Let me give you a short account of my journey hither.

I quitted Turin about a week ago with one of the *Vetturini* : our party consisted of an officer of the royal regiment of Savoy, who was

going to Novara ; a ditto of the Austrian *Sanitary* troops stationed at Vercelli ; a young Frenchman ; a ditto Frenchwoman, and my humble self. The Savoyard and the Austrian curled their whiskers at each other frequently, and seemed very unlikely to form any holy alliance together. But I was a good deal surprised when I heard the former speak. He had a strong English accent, and made as many true English blunders as if he had been born on the other side of the French Sleeve.

I took an opportunity, some time after, of hinting to him that I thought he had been in England ; and added, that I was a native of that country, as my good French had made every body take me for a Frenchman. Upon which he instantly shook me heartily by the hand, and exclaimed in good English, “ Why we are half countrymen ; for I was carried when a child by my father, who emigrated, into England, and I served as a midshipman in the English navy.”

We became very good friends consequently, and he was of some use to me upon the road.

Another singular occurrence took place. We had stopped at Cigliano, a small town, about six posts from Turin, to dinner ; another carriage like our own had likewise arrived, and the two parties met in the same room. We sat down to our *risotto*, a thick soup of rice, for which I have the greatest veneration, on account of its connexion, as they say, with one of the most beautiful airs Rossini ever composed. While we were discussing this, an old blind man was led in, who immediately struck up a very curious song, in which all the peculiarities of dialect and habits of the different people of Italy were characterised. It finished with a description of the Frenchman, who has endeavoured to establish himself in every country, in these words :

“ Salta fori un Franchese,
Ben conto in queste contese,

Qu' un Tarquino più amoroso,
E qu' un Orlando più furioso ;
E la puo cantar dolcemente—
E qui gridà terribilmente,
Halte la Monsieur ! que faites vous ?
Restez tranquille ou je vous coupe le cou.”

There was of course a general laugh at this conclusion ; and the young Frenchman, who was of our party, seemed rather nettled ; but one of the travellers in the other carriage, who, it appeared, was also a Frenchman, called out to the old blind man to get out of the room, or else to sing something against the English *hulks*, *les pontons*, as he called them. “ *Mon Dieu !*” vociferated our Frenchman, “I ought to know that voice ;” and jumping up, he hastened towards his compatriot. Their recognition was then complete and mutual ; but a long time had elapsed since they had met, for they had never seen one another since they had both been prisoners together at Chatham on board the detested *pontons*, a period of seven years. They had both

served on board privateers, and had been taken prisoners about the same time.

After dinner we continued our route through the rich plains of Piedmont, and slept at Vercelli, or, as the French call it, Verceil, and which place an Englishman once mistook for Versailles near Paris. In the treasury of the cathedral of this town is a manuscript of the fourth century, which contains the Gospel of Saint Mark in Latin; and some zealots pretend that it is written with the Apostle's own hand.

The next morning we proceeded through wide fields of rice to Novara. This is an old town with a few fine palaces, and is remarkable as having been the place where the Swiss defeated Louis de la Tremouille, who commanded the French army in the time of Louis the Twelfth, and drove him out of the Milanese. It is also since known, as having witnessed the breaking up of the Piedmontese revolution, an engagement having taken place beneath its walls, be-

tween the Austrian troops and those of the new constitutionalists, which was a second *journée des Eperons*.

We arrived at Milan on Sunday evening, and the streets were all filled with loungers. The graceful tuft of hair, winding about the bright pin which the Lombard female peasants wear, now gave way to the black hoods of the city dames, which could not, however, conceal the bright flashing of their eyes. The Frenchman, with whom I had had some conversation, invited me to accompany him to his family, who lived in the city; which invitation I accepted. I dined with them; they were civil, decent people, and were engaged in the silk trade; my young acquaintance acting as their *Commis Voyageur*.

The next morning I received the following note from the Police.

“ I. R. Direzione Generale della Milano.

“ S’interessa la compiacenza del Signor———,
Gentiluomo, a voler recarsi a questa I. R.

Direzione nella contrada di S. Margherita, dirigendosi al sotto scritto, in quell' ora d'ufficio che gli tornerà piu a grado, nel giorno di domani all mezzo giorno.

MORELLI."

I was rather alarmed at this summons, as I had heard strange stories about the Austrian Police. But my acquaintance told me that he knew Signor Morelli very well ; and that, if I had any difficulty about my passport, he could assist me ; which, in fact, he afterwards did.

You who have read much will not expect me to enter into a long account of this city, its churches and promenades. You have, of course, often heard of its wondrous cathedral ; that marble mountain, as it has been called, which had remained for a long time in an unfinished state ; but which Buonaparte, that indefatigable builder up and destroyer, caused to be completed.

I have neither time to detail, nor would you perhaps have inclination to listen to, the various circumstances which occurred to me till I ar-

rived here. I passed in safety the robber-haunted shores of the Lake Dezenzano, which was quite calm and bright, and prevented my exclaiming in due form and ceremony :—

“ Fluctibus et fremitu adsurgens Benace marino.”

I had heard accounts of numerous assassinations and robberies having been committed upon these shores ; and I confess that, as the evening drew on, I was not quite sure whether we might not suddenly hear the terrible “ *Fermate Cani di viaggiatori.*” But we reached the little town safely, I and my companion, who was a Brescian, and the only person with me, for all the others had remained at Milan; and this man had there joined me.

But let me hasten to Venice, which, after passing through Verona, “ birthplace of sweet love,” Vicenza with its beautiful covered portico or arcade two miles long, which leads up to the church of La Madonna del Monte, and Padua, which once contained Petrarch and

Galileo, and near which the former lies buried, I reached in impatient anticipation.

I embarked at night upon the Brenta. The moon shone brightly, and as we gently glided down, I sat upon the deck listening to the songs of the men who guided our boat, and gazing upon the white palaces of Palladio, which line the banks of the river, and form a magnificent avenue to the Queen of the Isles. As the morning broke, we gradually came out upon the Adriatic; and then I saw the fairy domes and spires of Venice glittering in the rising sun, and looking like those of some magic city which had risen from the waters and was peopled by Tritons and Nereids, who had deserted their coral grottoes for its floating halls. Sannazarius has thus described Venice—

Viderat Adriacis Venetam Neptunus in undis

Stare urbem, et toto dicere jura mari.

Nunc mihi Tarpeias quantumvis Jupiter arces,

Objice, et illa tui mœnia Martis, ait :

Si pelago Tibrim præfers, urbem aspice utramque,
Illam homines dices, hanc posuisse deos.

The black mysterious-looking gondolas soon came hovering around us; and I hired one, that conveyed me up the grand canal to my hotel, which was the *Lion Blanc*, and whose windows commanded a view of that noble watery street. I only allowed myself time to engage my room, and change my dress, and I then hurried away to the Place Saint Mark. I was not disappointed, and that is saying much, for it has frequently been my fate to be so upon these occasions.

The first object which struck me was the mosque-looking church which gives its name to the place. Immediately before it stand the three lofty bronze staves, which were first placed there in 1505, when Loredano was Doge, and from which the ancient standard of the Republic used to wave upon days of state. Then, as I advanced, the famous horses, pawing and snuffing the air, next presented themselves. They had

returned from their northern wanderings ; but to whom and to what ?—To the Austrians, and to an enslaved and degraded city.

So much has been already said concerning these steeds, that I should only be repeating uselessly what you have probably read, did I enter into their history. But let me give you a little anecdote which was told me at Paris, concerning Buonaparte. The Venetian horses had been placed upon the triumphal arch of *Le Carousel*, and a chariot was attached to them, in which it was intended to place a figure of the great Napoleon ; and the general remark was, “ *Le char l’attend.*”

The rich overloaded front of the church delayed me a few minutes, and I then entered it. It is as ornamented and glittering within as without ; and its Mosaic pavement has long been famous. It is full of animals, and, among others, there are two cocks bearing a fox, which are supposed to represent Charles the

Eighth and Louis the Twelfth of France, who dispossessed Ludovic Sforza of the Milanese, whose cunning is characterised by the fox.

I continued to ramble over the city, and visited some of the palaces and churches; in one, the name of which I have forgotten, lies buried the poet Aretino, so well known for his impiety, and whose epitaph is sufficiently characteristic :

Qui giace l'Aretin Poeta Tosco,
Che disse mal d'ognun fuorchè il Dio,
Scusandosi dicendo no'l conobbe.

I then hired a gondola, and crossed to some of the islands; to Murano, famous for its glass-works, and to the Isle of Saint George, with its beautiful church, the work of Palladio. Within it lies buried the Doge Ziani, during whose government Pope Alexander the Third took refuge in Venice from the Emperor Barbarossa, who had acknowledged the Antipope, Victor IV. Alexander, during his residence here, bestowed

upon Venice the dominion of the sea in the following words, addressed to Ziani: giving him a ring, he said, "Receive this, O Ziani, with which thou and thy successors must annually espouse the sea, in order that posterity may know that the empire of the sea, acquired by thee of old and by right of war, is thine, and that the waters are subject to thy power as a wife to her husband."

Upon the peace which was made between the Pope and the Emperor, a splendid ceremony took place at Venice, which was represented in a painting and hung up in the Papal Palace at Rome. Urban the Eighth removed it, upon some pique against the Venetians; but it was replaced by Innocent the Tenth, which gave rise to the following remark, "*Quod Urbanus inurbane deleverat, Innocentius innocente restituit.*"

Upon my return from the Island, I saw upon the quay an unfortunate young man exposed

upon the *carcan*; and upon his breast was attached a label containing his sentence, which was *Al prigione solitario per la vita*. Dreadful fate! he was taking his last look of the bright sun and skies which were around him,—a sort of conscious death, such as a man that should be buried alive might undergo as the earth rattled fast upon his straining eye-balls.

There are many objects which I must omit, all equally interesting; for I must hasten to mention a singular circumstance which happened to me. I had been taking my coffee in one of the houses for that purpose, upon the Place Saint Mark, where I was much amused by a party of Venetians who were conversing with great animation. Among them was a very pretty woman, with lively black eyes and white teeth, and an uncommonly soft sweet voice. I sipped my Mocha coffee in silence. It was excellent; and I recollected the anecdote respecting it, which my friend the Frenchman had told me on the road. When the news arrived

of Buonaparte's death, upon the whisper which arose of his having been poisoned, it was asked how?—By coffee, was the reply.—Was it the Mocha coffee?—*Oh non, c'étoit du café Bourbon.*

After I had finished it, I returned to my hotel, and stood upon the steps, which were bathed by the waters of the Grand Canal. The night drew on, and I was looking upon the fast fading palaces, and the distant Rialto, and the gondolas, only discoverable by their little bright lamp, darting and shooting about the canal like winged glow-worms. The gondoliers, as they passed, were singing, as I chose to imagine, some of their favourite Tasso; and I could occasionally hear a guitar tinkling and a shout echoing along, as some of the gondolas were turning sharply round a corner, to warn others of its approach. Presently I saw one of these dark boats move towards the terrace where I stood, and come directly up to it. A man immediately stepped out, and asked me if I were not the English

gentleman who had been that afternoon taking my coffee."——But I must conclude my friend's account another time, as my servant has just brought me a letter from England which I am anxious to read.

* * *

[From the unconnected and illegible papers which form almost all the remaining part of the Journal, it would appear that it must have been about this time that the change in the life and habits of the Journalist, alluded to by the peasant, must have taken place. The letter which he was anxious to read was probably the cause of this, as the following unconnected reflections would seem to indicate.]

It is enough ! I have long deceived myself: I thought I was calm, that I could have heard of this with resignation; but no, no, resignation ! My God, if I could have been spared this last blow !

* * *

* * *

Forgotten, desolate man, thy hour is come—
thy real happiness was all past long since ; and
now that the being who was the idol of thy ima-
gination—the bright star which still seemed to
go before thee, and lead thee on to other hopes,
is taken from thee, now indeed thou canst not
wish to live !

* * *

* * *

July.—I grow weaker and weaker ; my visits
to the hermitage are over ; but yet I would fix
my last look upon the sea which flows towards
England, where now * *

* * *

I have made my will ; they may bury me as
they please, all places here are the same to me.
But I have begged them to lay my Prayer-book
by my side, in which are those features that I
may perhaps see again in heaven, for on earth I

now could not wish to look upon them—smiling upon others.

* * *
* * *

I saw a little infant to-day that they were burying. There it lay soft and still, as if it were asleep, with its little white fingers clasped over its breast, and its silky lashes gently closed over those eyes that had not yet learned to weep with this world's woe. Innocent, peaceful creature! when the trumpet shall sound, how many would give crowns and sceptres to be as that child! how many would give their earthly kingdoms for its heavenly inheritance!

* * *
* * *

How mysterious are the ways of Providence! I, that could have lived happily in my own country, am about to die miserably here: strange! when I look back upon the past.

* * *

The mid-day sun is beating fiercely down,
The Vista's dusty length is glaring white,
The walls are hot in yon sepulchral town,
And the faint peasants pant and wish for night;
But the cool winds, that mingle with the light
Of starry skies, breathe o'er my burning brain
Unfelt and heedless, mocking as in spite,
Like to the Phrygian Chief's consuming pain,
Whose endless thirst was slaked by neither fount nor rain.

It is not that the stings of gloomy guilt
Awake the pangs that through my veins do creep;
It is not that some fairy castle built
On sandy shores is swallow'd in the deep;
It is not that the lover's dreamy sleep,
When all but fancy's syren voice is hush'd,
Hath promised smoothly what it will not keep,
And left me like a ruin'd garden crush'd,
Where once the bee rejoiced and Persian roses blush'd!

It is that deep and desolating woe
Which springs from utter hopelessness of fate,
When all that we can ever feel or know
Can only come and counsel us too late,

When we behold the world we cannot hate,
Such as it seems to sober solemn truth,
And think upon our own degraded state,
When we have done, in first and foolish youth,
Some deed that gnaws our hearts with unappeased tooth.

To know that we have never tasted life,
Such as it is to others, and to all
Who dream not of the restless bosom's strife,
And are too cold and feelingless to fall :
Better it were that plume and velvet pall
Had borne our infant bodies to the grave,
Than to be left thus reptile-like to crawl
Amid the flowers and fruits that o'er us wave,
Or as the madman waked in double torment rave.

Come, let me think and ponder o'er the past,
And see how rose this edifice of man,
And try if time will any shadow cast
To aid me in its measurement and span ;
In sooth I little thought, when once I ran
In truant childhood to escape from school,
Mocking at tasks and toil and future ban,
That thus so gravely I should talk of rule,
As erst the dreaded voice from Pedagogic stool.

I was a wayward, strange, and timid child ;
My very sports were not as other boys' ;
And when the rest in mirth and riot wild
Made the wide playground echo with their noise,
I shrunk from all their ruder games and joys,
And wander'd lonely through the cloister'd aisle,
With some soft book or vision for my toys ;
And oft I'd sit beneath the sacred pile,
And at the jesting tomb in artless wonder smile :

But when the organ's loud tempestuous peal
Swept like the whirlwind through the Gothic choir,
Then I was happy, and could inly feel
The solitary joys those tones inspire ;
For I have worshipp'd music, as the fire
That cheer'd and warm'd my soul, and, when despair
Had left me nought to cling to or desire,
Its perfumed breath hath almost still'd my care,
As the Camelion feeds on thin and filmy air.

But years crept on, and other thoughts arose,
And the first buds of youth began to blow
E'en as the young and tender mossy rose
That knows not of the thorns which round it grow ;

And soon to statelier halls I then did go,
Where the proud boy, disfranchised from his chain,
Is cast a prey to that most deadly foe,
His own free will, and there in lawless reign
He works unto himself long lingering years of pain.

Yet was I not as other youths, who spent
Their precious hours in idleness or vice,
Who every morn to hunting parties went,
And pass'd their nights amid the deadly dice,—
Of first and tempting class I knew the price :
But all my study was a thing of nought,
Aimless and barren as some weak device ;
For I could never read the books I ought,
But only such as pleased my wandering turn of thought.

My heated brain with many a story teem'd
Of wild romance and all their desperate woes,
And the true world a blank and desert seem'd,
While all around my magic castles rose ;
And thus I lived, amid the light that throws
Its rainbow colours o'er the misty plain,
And all its fields in prisms glitter shows,
Till the bright sun, that taught the clouds to feign,
Speeds on to other worlds to smile and cheat again.

Then, I created out of dust and clay
An Idol which embodied all my dreams,
And charm'd it with the warm Promethean ray,
That from the mystic lamp of fancy streams ;
And, as the fond enthusiast madly deems
The statue he hath form'd from lifeless stone
Endued with power to love, so fair it seems,
I worshipp'd in my blindness what alone
Such restless hearts as mine could e'er have form'd or
known.

But like the weak Sicilian, who did frame
The brazen instrument of tyrant hate,
And perish'd by his own ingenious flame,
Cursing his cunning handy-work too late—
So was I doom'd to feel the burning weight
Of grim repentance, scowling as in scorn,
While on my palsied breast it darkly sate,
E'en as the dreaded night-mare, that is born
Of feverish thoughts and blood, yet melts away by morn.

And then I wander'd forth I cared not where,
For all the world was still the same to me,
Since in the land that gave me being—there
I could not, as my nature prompted, be,

Nor the soft smiles and eyes unmoved see
Of her who knew not of my charmed days :
Like to the wretch, when I would bend the knee,
To Demons sold, who all their bonds do raise
And laugh in fiendish mirth as hopelessly he prays.

But now, the very wish for change is gone ;
The only star that still did bless my eyes
Hath left me with my darkness all alone,
And never, as it rose before, can rise :
For it hath fled its own unspotted skies,
And gone to cheer and shine on other lands,
While my sad heart in dust and ruin lies,
As the cleft arch where Thebes in silence stands,
Rearing her broken halls mid hot Egyptian sands.

And now farewell to all ! to thee farewell,
My distant Country ! though I left thee, still
I loved thee, as these burning tears can tell,
But my stern fate was stronger than my will.
I *did* cling to thy parent bosom, till
Thou wouldst no longer hush my wild alarms,
Nor my hot mouth with syrup moisture fill,
But cast me from thy cold and careless arms,
As the young Mother Bride that fears to taint her charms.

I could have wish'd that this decaying flesh
Had slept beneath *that* village church-yard ground,
Where I beheld *that* vision sweet and fresh
Spreading its holy influence around ;
And that its evening bells, with pensive sound,
Had flung their music o'er my quiet grave,
Where I at last a resting-place had found :
But this, as other things, I cannot have—
Of disappointed hopes the ever baffled slave.

And now, my thoughts to other regions turn,
Where the parch'd tongue of grief forgets its thirst,
Where the hot temples cease to throb and burn,
And on the wakening ear Hosannahs burst.
Oh ! that my longing soul could rise, as erst
The Tishbite Prophet in his fiery car ;
Or as the flattering tale of him the first
Imperial Cæsar, mount my chariot star,
Speed through the Milky Way, and dwell where Spirits are.

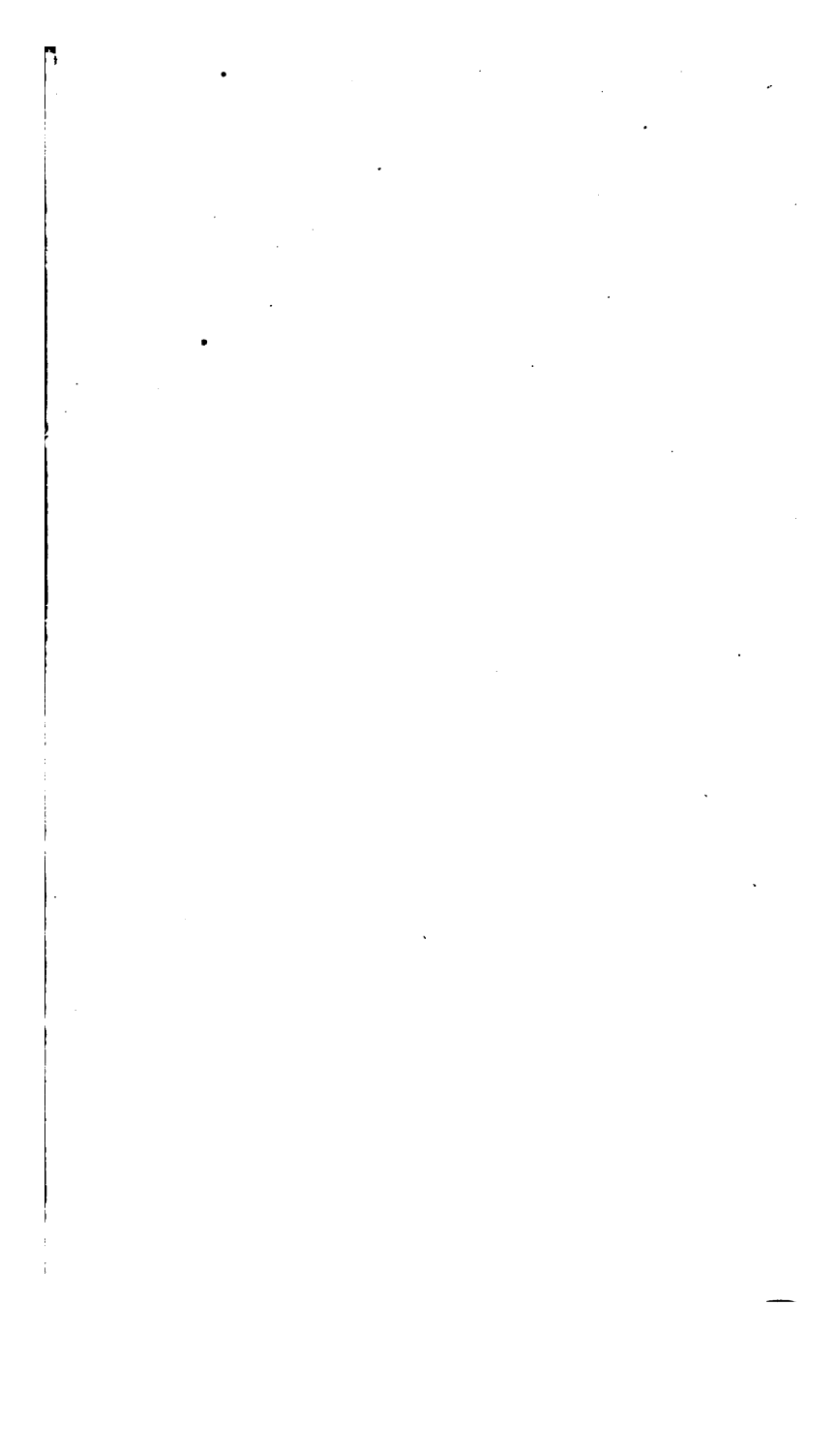
But I have finish'd : all my race is run ;
I feel my heart beat feebler, and the voice
Of coming Death its sighing hath begun,
As the soft breeze that bids the night rejoice :

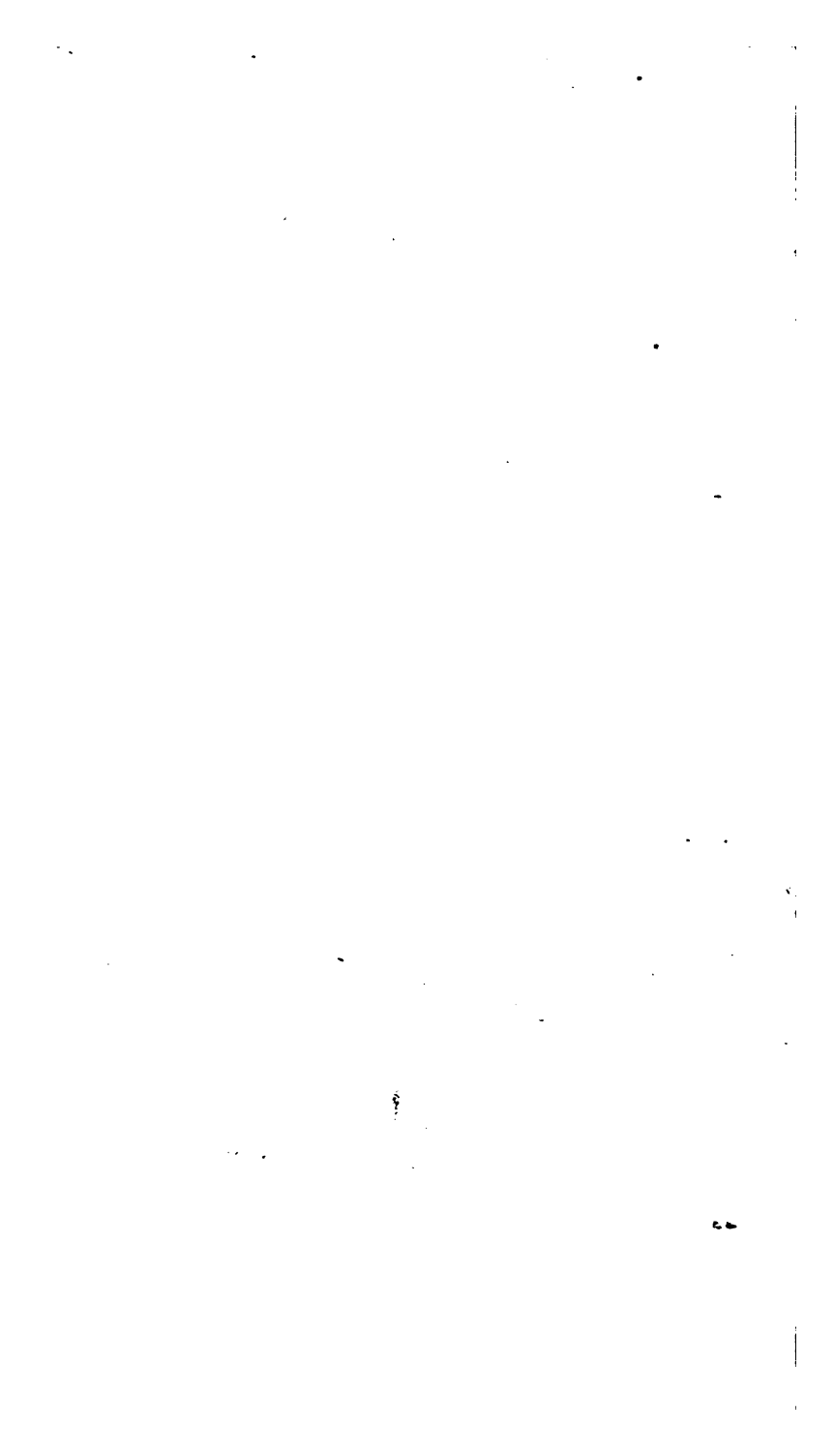
For between sleep and pain is now my choice.
And thus my wilful course is told, and I
Have shewn in song of unblest deeds the price,
E'en as the pining swan, that ere he die
Pours out his latest breath in funeral melody."

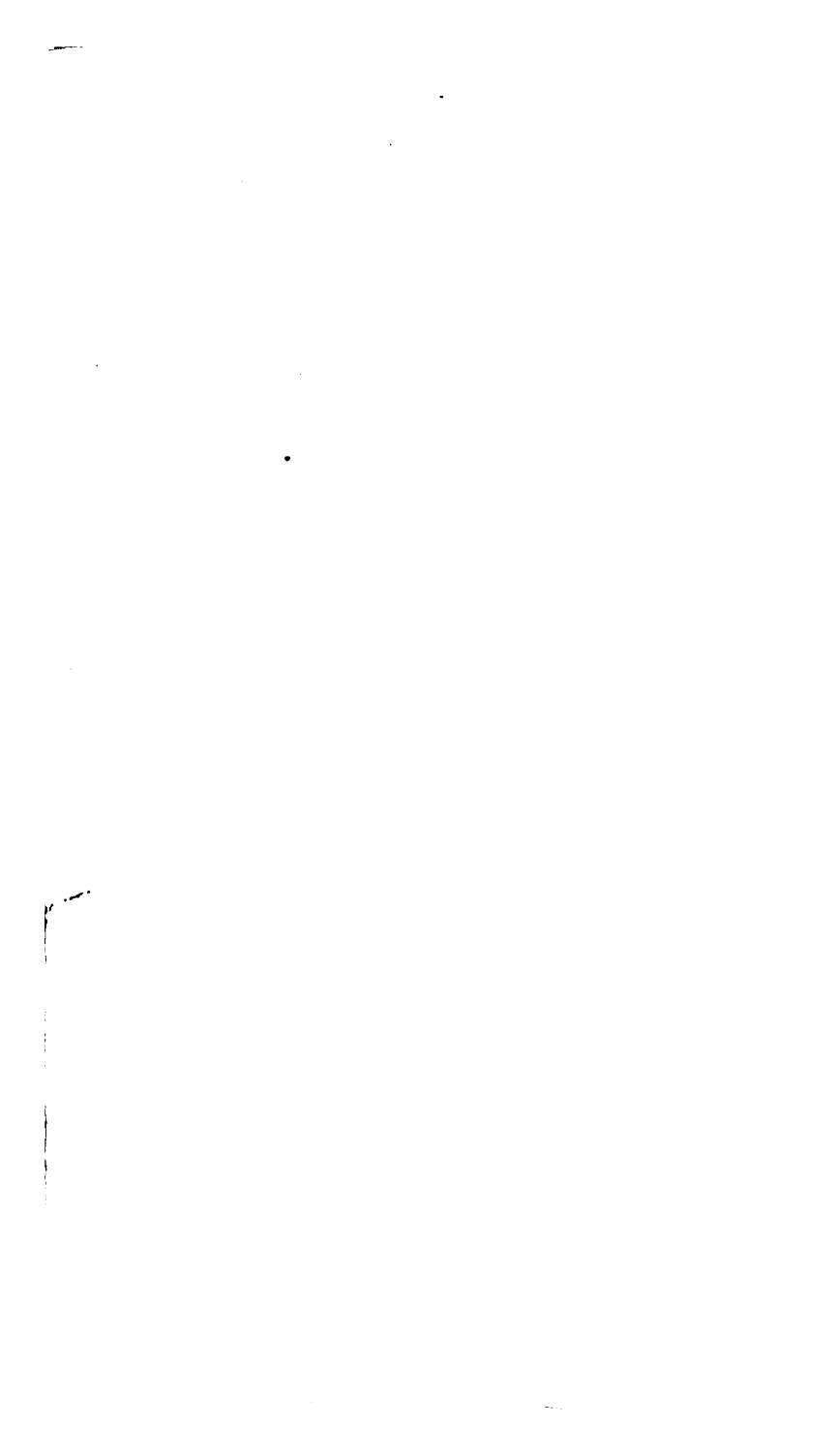
THE END.

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